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AND

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St. Teresa.

ST TERESA

(1515-1582)

AND

HER FIRST ENGLISH DAUGHTERS

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ST TERESA

CHAPTER I

THE SAINT'S HOME AND LAND

In 1474, Ferdinand, Prince of Aragon, married Isabella, Queen of Castile and Leon—Shakespeare's "Queen of earthly queens," Bacon's "Corner stone of the greatness of Spain," Aubrey de Vere's "great and holy creature, sweet and brave, type of faithfulness in word and deed, flower of all perfections known on earth." In truth, she came as near, perhaps, as could an earthly king or queen to the ideal sovereign; and—at least in his early manhood—Ferdinand was not unworthy to reign at her side. Five years after their marriage he succeeded to his father's crown, and the kingdoms of Castile and Aragon were again united. Then began the golden age of Spain: the insolence and rapacity of the grandees yielded to the sweetness and strength of Isabella; the peasants could raise their heads as well as their hearts and hands; and, as the Sovereigns passed from one tribunal to another, to preside over each in the old Castilian style, justice and peace followed in their train. The whole face of the country was changed. The long struggle with the Moors was finally closed by the conquest of Granada in

1492. The discoveries of Columbus added to the glories of Spain and brought about the extension of her rule over Mexico, Florida, Central America, and, with the exception of Brazil, the vast Southern Continent.

In favouring and fostering these foreign conquests, Isabella's supreme ideal had been the spread of the Kingdom of Christ. The long struggle of eight centuries to win back the land from the infidels had fused the elements of Spanish nationality in the crucible of faith. The Sovereigns esteemed it their highest privilege and duty to maintain inviolate the Catholic faith, to propagate it throughout their vast dominions, and to defend it against the attacks of heretics.

The Jews had by degrees acquired immense wealth and power in Spain. Rulers and subjects had alike been the victims of their usury; scandal and sacrilege had been their constant attendants; their intrigues with the Moors, it was to be feared, would bring about the disruption and loss of the kingdoms so happily united under Ferdinand and Isabella. At intervals, during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, an infuriated populace had risen up against them and massacred every Jew upon whom they could lay hands; so that, as the only means of securing peace and safety within their realms, the Catholic Sovereigns decreed the banishment of all non-Christians.

These measures were not carried out at all times, and in every place, with gentleness and

mercy; not always even with strict justice. The Spanish Inquisition cast a dark shadow over the period; and St Teresa herself bears witness to the terror it inspired, even among the faithful. The "Tribunal of the Holy Office," as it was called, was a twofold court whose laws were not of Rome, but of Spain. Ecclesiastics, it is true, sat in judgment over those accused of heresy or apostasy; but their part was only to discover what guilt existed. None but obstinate heretics or unbelievers were condemned; and these were passed over to the secular part of the tribunal to receive their sentence, not according to the Church's disciplinary code, but according to the civil law of Spain, which then considered heresy as a crime only to be expiated at the stake. The methods employed, and the severity exercised, by the Spanish Inquisition are, in our eyes to-day, barbarous rather than Christian. It is to be remembered that they were never unconditionally sanctioned by the Holy See. A Pope had, indeed, granted powers for the establishment of the Holy Office; but no Pope ever condoned its severity. As to its methods of dealing with crime, they were gentle when compared with those of other tribunals of that age; and the number of persons condemned by it has been greatly exaggerated. Moreover, the soul was then estimated at its true value; and the torture or death of the body was not considered by the Spanish judges, any more than by the English martyrs of the sixteenth and seventeenth

centuries, as too high a price for eternal salvation.

In Spain, too, heresy was looked upon as a foe more crafty and insidious, and therefore more to be dreaded, than either Judaism or Mohammedanism. The fight against the Moors had been carried on with lance and sword ; and in warfare of this kind the Spanish knights were past masters. In confronting the so-called reformers and preventing the conquest of Spain by the heretics, other weapons would be needed, for of these new invaders it might be said :—

> "They shall not come with warships,
> They shall not waste with brands ;
> But books be all their eating,
> And ink be on their hands."

In the matter of books, however, Spain could hold her own. Already in the twelfth century she had her epic *Poema del Cid*, and her dramatic *Auto de los Reyes Magos*. In the thirteenth century there were famous scholars at her University of Salamanca ; in the sixteenth, the doctors of Alcala de Henares rivalled those of Paris and Oxford. Nevertheless it is not improbable that, in spite of the strong, ardent faith of the people, and the learning and zeal of their religious teachers, the great European wave of heresy would have swept over Spain but for the life and work of Teresa of Jesus.

In one of the most picturesque parts of Old Castile, among hills rising from the banks of the Adaja, a tributary of the Douro, stands the

ancient city of Avila. Its massive walls and battlements, its strong towers and drawbridges, hewn as it would seem out of the solid rocks around, were at all times proof against the invader. Distinguished, even among Castilians, by their courage and their loyalty, its people bore on their countenances the stamp of their city's strength and their own proud fealty to God and King. "Avila cantos y santos," as the old Spanish proverb puts it ("In Avila, only stones and saints").

Teresa's father bore an illustrious name; for he reckoned among his ancestors a King of Leon, as well as the famous Castilian knight, Sanchez, to whose munificence was due the building of some of the finest parts of the city. Teresa, however, was not named after her father, "de Cepeda"; according to the Spanish custom of the time she bore by choice her mother's maiden name, "de Ahumada," derived from "ahuman" ("smoke"). In the days when the Moors were conquering Spain, her mother's ancestor, the noble knight Ferdinand, was shut up by the enemy in his watch-tower. Unable to force him either to surrender or to abandon his post, the Moors set fire to the tower. Under cover of the smoke Ferdinand made an honourable retreat, leaving to the besiegers only a heap of ruins. His comrades dubbed him "the Knight of the Smoke," and his King bade him surmount his armorial bearings by a tower in flames. This escutcheon, formerly carved over the doorway of Teresa's home, may still be seen above the

principal entrance to the chapel of the Saint on the spot where she was born.

It was on Wednesday, 28th March 1515, that the child who was to be so ardent a lover of Jesus, so devoted a child of Mary, and so faithful a client of St Joseph, came into the world. The first words her good parents taught her to utter were doubtless the names Jesus, Mary, Joseph, now so richly indulgenced. Her pious mother taught her also to say the rosary, her tiny fingers passing over the beads, her lips murmuring the Paters and Aves, and her already vivid imagination picturing the scene of each succeeding mystery. As she grew in age and grace, she would go from her mother's knee to hide herself in a corner of the garden, there to think about God and Heaven.

Still, she was by no means a melancholy or over-serious child. She loved each member of her family dearly; and her ardent nature expanded to the full in the sunshine of her mother's sweetness and the strong, deep, tender affection of her father. To one of her brothers whom she cherished above all the rest, she confided her childish secrets and aspirations. Rodrigo and she read together the Gospel story and the lives of Saints; together they wondered over the crowns of glory awaiting them; finally, they agreed to set off together in search of Heaven without delay. They would find out the Moors and be put to death by them for the faith of Christ. It is not difficult to imagine the scene in which, fortunately for us and for the Church,

the two little would-be martyrs were hindered from carrying out their design.

"Teresa! Rodrigo! How come you here alone, and at such an hour? Whither are you going?"

Day has but just dawned, and the speaker, on his way to Avila, has come face to face with two of his brother's children leaving the city by the Adaja bridge. The elder of the two, though somewhat abashed by his uncle's stern look and tone, seems relieved rather than otherwise by this unexpected meeting; but the little maid of seven by his side fixes her dark eyes upon the man in her path with so grave and disappointed a countenance, that he cannot but smile as he takes her hand to lead her home. Greeted by the household with mingled expressions of joy and reproof, the boy throws the blame on his sister, saying: "The little one made me go with her." Teresa offers no excuse: "I went because I want to see God," she explains; "and one cannot see Him without dying." Here were the first fruits of her mother's tender piety and Don Alonzo's high standard of Christian conduct: to their little daughter earth seemed already too poor a place to dwell in, even for a time, when Heaven's glorious palace was to be had at once, and for eternity, merely by dying at the hands of the Moors. Nor would the heroic child abandon her desire to attain eternal glory. If she could not be a martyr, she would be a hermit. So she and her brother set to work to build two little hermitages in their father's

garden ; but the stones they heaped together with so much labour kept tumbling about them as they prayed, and this second attempt to secure speedy sanctification had to be relinquished in its turn.

Then did Teresa show, even at this tender age, that she was both guided by the Spirit of God and gifted with great natural good sense. She gradually realised that, to do God's will as it is made known to us, day by day, hour by hour, through the events of life, and the wishes or needs of those around us, is to become very holy, and deserving of a heavenly crown. She gave herself up entirely, therefore, to the cheerful fulfilment of daily duties, making herself as useful and as agreeable as possible. She still passed long hours in prayer ; but she was always ready to share the ordinary occupations or amusements of the household. She was mindful of God's poor, and if she had not much of her own to give away, she enhanced the value of her gifts by the way in which she bestowed them.

So passed her happy childhood, until the first great sorrow of her life—the death of her mother. "In my desolation," she tells us, "I threw myself at Our Lady's feet, and, with many tears, besought her to be herself my mother. My prayer, made with a child's simplicity, was granted ; and from that moment I have never prayed in vain to the Most Blessed Virgin."

CHAPTER II

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

TERESA had reached her thirteenth year—a charming girl with her frank, winning smile and simple, earnest gaze, joining to her father's distinguished bearing her mother's gentle grace ; fascinating all around her, no less by the goodness of her heart than by the brilliancy of her mind. Her brothers idolised her, and her father found it hard to check, even by a grave look, the witty and entertaining, if somewhat unrestrained and imprudent, conversation of his dearly-loved daughter. The gentle mother had passed away. Who was to guard the child and prevent her taking a false step ? Who but Mary ? That most faithful and most powerful Virgin had not forgotten the orphan girl's prayer at the foot of her image ; but the moment of grace had not yet arrived ; Teresa sped along in her gay career, giving no thought to possible evil consequences, only draining with delight the cup of present pleasure, and growing more and more conscious of her rare personal gifts. Later on she wrote : " I ought to have recognised these gifts only to thank the Giver. Alas ! I used them only to offend Him.

Instead of following the good example set by my eldest sister, as reserved and modest as she was amiable and attractive, I contracted the bad habits of a frivolous cousin who often visited us, and whom my mother had vainly tried to prevent my choosing as friend."

The growth of this undesirable friendship would seem almost inexplicable, did we not know how inordinately a young girl of good disposition and open heart may become attached to one of opposite character. There is a sort of infatuation, in which the imagination plays the largest part, the judgment being warped and the will losing its normal power under the bewitchment of an intercourse not to be dignified by the sacred name of friendship. Teresa was high-minded, generous, and innocent; her cousin, to say the least, was light-headed, selfish, and vain; but she had some knowledge of the world, certain experiences which constituted her a sort of heroine in the eyes of the unsophisticated girl, whose ideas of life outside her immediate family circle had been formed chiefly from the extravagant romances of chivalry, at that time so widely circulated in Spain. From the Saint's own story of her life we learn that her passion for these romances had been unconsciously fostered by her mother. Doña Beatriz was as virtuous and innocent as she was lovable and beautiful; she mixed but little in society, living solely for God and her family; but she was exceedingly delicate, often seriously ill. It was in order to render her enforced solitude and

frequent sufferings more endurable that she had procured some of the much talked-of romances. She had been careful in her selection, and had been prevented from over-indulgence by Don Alonzo's strong dislike for this sort of reading. The books were at hand, however, and in their perusal Teresa found enchanting occupation for her ardent imagination. When her mother's supervision was removed, she gave herself up to this passion, sacrificing to it many hours both of day and night, until at last she could not be happy without the prospect of a new romance to read.

As the days passed, it became more and more difficult to recognise in the gay, pleasure-seeking girl the pious little recluse and would-be martyr of seven years before. Teresa had now scant leisure for thinking of God and longing for Heaven. Her favourite brother was no longer in request as companion to the country of the Moors, or as fellow-builder of a hermit's cell. He was now called upon to write at her dictation the romances she had begun to compose. These she would read aloud to a circle of admiring friends, who fed her vanity with their foolish flattery. She became almost entirely occupied with the admiration she excited, and spent much time in adorning her person. She was on the brink of the precipice; but God's great mercy, at Mary's intercession, preserved her from a grievous fate. "What saved me," she writes, "was the fear of God, and, I must add, the still greater fear of tarnishing my honour"—thoughts

no doubt suggested by her heavenly Mother's angels. Long afterwards she saw in a vision the place to which her career of worldliness and self-indulgence was leading her. She has described it graphically :—

" I was one day in prayer, when I found myself in a moment, without knowing how, plunged apparently into hell. I understood that it was Our Lord's will I should see the place which the devils kept in readiness for me, and which I had deserved by my sins. It was but a moment, but it seems to me impossible I should ever forget it, even were I to live many years.

" The entrance seemed to be by a long, narrow passage, like a furnace, very low, dark, and close. The ground seemed to be saturated with water, mere mud, exceedingly foul, sending forth pestilential odours, and covered with loathsome vermin. At the end was a hollow place in the wall, like a closet, and in that I saw myself confined. The sight of all this, however, was pleasant in comparison with what I felt. There is no exaggeration in my words.

" As to describing what I experienced, it is impossible. I do not know where to begin. I felt a fire in my soul. I cannot find words to describe it. My bodily sufferings were beyond endurance. All my previous pains, among which have been, as the physicians say, the greatest that can be borne in this life, such as the contraction of my sinews when I was paralysed, not to speak of others of different kinds, and even those which I have before mentioned,

inflicted on me by Satan—all these seemed as nothing in comparison with what I then experienced, especially as I realised that there would never be throughout eternity any intermission to my sufferings.

"These sufferings, however, were as nothing when compared with the anguish of my soul—an oppression, a crushing, an agony so terrible, that no words can express it. Were I to say that the soul seemed to be continually being torn from the body, it would give no idea of my pain; for, in the act of dying, the soul is separated from the body by a power outside itself; in hell, the soul is its own executioner, tearing itself to pieces for ever. I cannot describe that inward fire, or that despair, surpassing all torments and pain. I did not see who it was that tormented me, but I felt myself on fire, and torn to pieces, as it seemed to me; and this inward fire and despair are, I repeat, the greatest torments of all.

"Left in that pestilential place, and utterly deprived of all hope of relief, I had not room either to sit or lie down. I stood, as it were, in a hole in the wall; and walls, terrible in themselves to behold, hemmed me in on every side, so that I could not breathe. There was no light, nothing but thick darkness. Yet what I cannot understand—although there was no light, everything which could give pain by being visible, was perceived."

Such was Teresa's vision in later years of the punishment which her girlish follies were leading

her to incur, had not Our Lady's prayers prevailed once more against the wiles of Satan, and secured for her adopted child the safeguards necessary to her virtue. About this time her eldest sister married, and Teresa was placed under the care of the Augustinian nuns. The Convent of Our Lady of Grace seemed, at first, but a sorry exchange for the happy home-circle of which she had been the centre ; but its pure and peaceful atmosphere soon penetrated to the young girl's soul. She was glad to be with the nuns, and, as she naïvely tells us, they were glad to have her among them. "It is a favour bestowed upon me by God," she says, "that my presence should always give pleasure to others." Moreover, she had the good fortune to enter the school while it was under the direction of a nun as distinguished for her perfect religious spirit as for her elevation of mind and charm of manner. Her new mistress and friend soon acquired over Teresa an influence as powerful for good as that of her worldly relative and companion had been for evil ; and so well did the ardent, intelligent girl profit by the lessons she received, and the example by which she was surrounded, that she began to realise the beauty of a life dedicated to God, and to turn her thoughts towards the religious state. A serious illness, however, caused her to be removed from the convent where she had been about eighteen months.

All this while God was calling her to closer union with Him ; she heard His voice, but tried

not to heed His warnings and invitations; she would ask the nuns to pray that she might be enlightened as to her future; but in her heart of hearts, as she tells us, she wished "not to be a nun." This attraction and resistance continued during her illness and the time of her convalescence, which she spent partly at her sister's home, and partly with her uncle, Don Pedro Sanchez de Cepeda.

Since his wife's death this saintly old man had been leading the life of a hermit in his villa at Hortigosa. He kept his mind occupied solely with the things of God, and found much consolation in the reading of good books. While Teresa was with him he asked her to read some of these aloud to him, and her natural readiness to oblige made her comply cheerfully with his request. Her unselfish kindness brought a speedy reward. In the sublime thoughts of a Jerome, a Gregory, an Augustine, her mind found a satisfaction and a stimulus never before experienced. She talked over the treatises with her uncle, in his garden at Hortigosa, as she had once talked over the Saints' lives with her brother in the home-garden at Avila. There, two children had spoken together of the joys of Heaven, and the best and quickest way to secure them. Here, a similar topic is discussed; but one of the speakers is already on the borderland; the other, in her contemplation, seems almost beyond it. Then, there had arisen in the child's heart a passionate longing for martyrdom at the hands of the Moors; now, the maiden

is beginning to yearn after the less speedy, but not less heroic martyrdom of the religious state.

Three months passed in severe inward struggles before Teresa made up her mind to be a nun. It was not the comforts, still less the luxuries of life, that she weighed in the balance. To a soul like hers, these were mere trifles in exchange for purity and peace. To give up her will would be more of a sacrifice; but what an inestimable blessing would be received in return—the certainty of doing at all times the adorable Will of God! As to the complete surrender of her affectionate heart, it could only be made to the pure love of God. One only consideration held her back—how could she ask her father to let her go? So she waited a while, praying for strength and nourishing her piety by spiritual reading. "Happily I had already become the friend of good books," she writes, "and they became as life to me. I was reading the letters of Saint Jerome, when I became so firmly fixed in my resolution by the words of the Saint, that I no longer hesitated to make it known to my father."

Knowing Don Alonzo's faith and piety, she never imagined that he would refuse his consent. Yet this was what actually happened. In spite of his child's earnest entreaties, in spite of Don Pedro's arguments and the reproaches of his own conscience, he would not consent. "After my death, not before," he repeated; but Teresa had learned to distrust herself, and, fearing the

charms and solicitations of the world, she resolved to quit it at once for ever.

In a delightful valley, some little distance outside the walls of Avila, stood the Convent of the Incarnation. The magnificent site occupied by its gardens and cloisters had been given to Carmel for Our Lady's love in 1513. The first Mass in its church had been offered two years later, on the very day of Teresa's birth and baptism. In its neighbourhood, the child of seven on her way to martyrdom had been stopped. Within its walls she was to find her first home as a Carmelite. Among the nuns was her dear friend, Jane Suarez, but this fact had not influenced her choice. "I felt ready," she writes, "to enter any other convent in which I might serve God better, or in which my father might wish me to be; for I sought in all sincerity my soul's good; as to any satisfaction or contentment I might find, I never gave it a thought."

Jane Suarez, however, thought much of the blessings that her friend's entrance would bring to the community. She prayed, and earnestly begged her sisters to pray, that Teresa might join them. The prayer was granted; she chose the Convent of the Incarnation and secretly quitted her father's house on All Souls' Day 1535. "The memory of it is still fresh in my mind," she wrote some thirty years afterwards, "for in quitting my father's house, my soul suffered all the pains of a mystical agony. I cannot believe that in my last hour I shall have more cruel torments to endure. It was as if all

my bones were being dislocated. My love for God was as yet weak; my home affections revived with greater tenderness than ever. In the struggle, I made a supreme effort; but if at that moment God had not stretched out His hand to me, all would have been in vain."

Joyfully welcomed by the Prioress and Jane Suarez, Teresa, as was customary, at once received the religious habit, and her soul was filled with peace. Don Alonzo crowned her happiness with his consent, and placed her young sister Juana in the convent, to be brought up under her immediate care.

CHAPTER III

THE BURDEN OF THE DAY AND THE HEAT

TERESA began her novitiate under the happiest auspices, and was distinguished throughout its course by her spirit of prayer and her love of the common life. She grasped at the outset the fundamental principle that religious perfection consists in the faithful observance of the rules and constitutions, which are the expression of God's Will, together with that constant aspiration after divine things, which unites the soul to its Beloved. To this task she set herself with characteristic energy. Whether engaged in singing the Divine Office, or in the household duties assigned to her, she was heart and soul in the occupation of the moment. She worked, as she prayed, entirely for God's greater glory, realising that " A servant with this clause makes drudgery divine." To her life meant devotedness, self-sacrifice, hard toil in the service of the community, the employment of every gift of nature, or grace, to the best possible advantage. What wonder if she became among the sisters the one most helpful, most beloved by all !

Not but that she made mistakes, committed faults ; not but that her good intentions were misconstrued, her good actions undervalued.

"When I sought solitude to grieve over my sins," she writes, "some thought me discontented; and highly as I esteemed the religious life, I was not prepared to suffer therein the shadow of contempt." Nature, especially a strong, ardent nature like Teresa's, is not so easily subdued. During those early days of religious life there were moments of depression, half-stifled longings for the home she had left, but there was no deliberate looking back. In spite of humiliations and heartaches, the brave spirit pressed onward, and Teresa made her religious profession on 3rd November 1536.

From the first, the care of the sick had been one of her favourite occupations. She had devoted herself with especial tenderness to a poor sister afflicted by ulcers, which emitted so offensive an odour that even the most charitable nuns could not remain very long beside her. The invalid bore her humiliating disease with angelic patience, and Teresa became filled with a holy envy at the sight of her perfect dispositions. She passed all her spare time in the infirmary, and even obtained leave to take her meals there. By a thousand ingenious devices she strove to convince the sick sister that she felt no repugnance in waiting upon her. She would kiss the poor ulcerated hands, drink out of the same glass, and render every possible service with the greatest joy. Her Christlike charity reaped its reward in kind. Hardly had the sister whom she had nursed so tenderly died, than Teresa herself began to suffer in a different,

though not less painful, manner. Only her indomitable courage, sustained by God's special assistance, carried her through the year of her novitiate. After her profession, her health completely gave way, and her case was pronounced hopeless.

Don Alonzo was overwhelmed with grief by the verdict of the physicians. He resolved to seek the aid of a certain wise woman, said to be effecting marvellous cures by her treatment, and obtained leave from the Superiors of the Order to take his daughter out of her convent for this purpose. The nuns of "The Incarnation" were not enclosed, so the permission was readily granted, and Teresa set out with Jane Suarez, as companion, in November 1537. The prescribed treatment was not to begin until the following Spring, therefore the travellers had time to visit both Don Pedro at Hortigosa and Maria de Cepeda at Castellanos.

From her uncle she received a precious little book treating of the prayer of recollection. During her absence from her convent she took it as her guide, earnestly endeavouring to follow the counsels it contained. First and chief, came purity of heart, solitude, and silence. She began to keep a strict watch over her senses, therefore, and regulated her day so as to secure ample time for prayer. God rewarded her fidelity by many favours, among others the opportunity of winning back to His perfect love and service a priest who, under stress of violent temptation, had unhappily fallen away. Her illness, how-

ever, far from being cured, was aggravated by the wise woman's treatment, and, in the month of July, Don Alonzo sorrowfully brought her back to Avila, more dead than alive.

When the glorious feast of Our Lady's Assumption came round, Teresa greatly desired to prepare for it by confession. "They thought I was moved by the fear of death," she writes, "and so my father, in order to calm me, would not suffer me to confess. Oh, the unreasonable love of flesh and blood! Though it was that of a father so Catholic and so wise—he was both, and this act of his could not have sprung from ignorance—what harm it might have done me! That night my sickness became so violent that I remained insensible for about four days. I was anointed, and those about me expected me to die at any moment; they kept on repeating the Credo, as if I could have understood anything they said. They must have thought me dead more than once, for I afterwards found drops of wax on my eyelids. My father was heart-broken at not having allowed me to go to confession."

So certain did her death appear, that her grave was made ready at the Convent of the Incarnation, and kept open for a day and a half. Prayers were said for the repose of her soul, and the Carmelite friars, in a monastery at some distance, performed on her behalf the usual funeral solemnities of the Order. Only her father, in an agony of grief and self-reproach, refused to believe that she was dead. On his

knees at her bedside he kept imploring God not to let his child pay the penalty of his fault. His prayer was heard; she opened her eyes, and smiling on her father and brothers, gently asked why they had brought her back to earth. Without further delay the last rites of the Church were administered; but Teresa did not die. She lingered on, suffering greatly, and after some months was carried back, at her own earnest request, to the Convent of the Incarnation. For about three years she remained almost entirely paralysed, and often in terrible pain; but she was so entirely resigned to God's holy Will, and bore her sufferings with such heroic patience, that her sisters were in constant wonder at the sight. "They all marvelled," she writes, "at the patience which Our Lord gave me, for if it had not come from the hand of His Majesty, it would have been impossible to endure so great an affliction with so great a joy."

Our Lord was indeed doing a wonderful work in her soul at this time, and she was reaping the fruits of her ardent desires and strivings after perfection. "It was a great thing for me," she tells us, "to have had the grace of prayer which God had wrought in me; it made me understand what it is to love Him; then I beheld in my soul the renewal of these virtues, feeble enough as yet, since they were not able to keep me in the path of perfection. I never said the least word against any one; on the contrary, I took the part of those who were the object of detraction; for I was careful always to keep in mind

that I should neither say, nor hear said, of another what I would not have wished to be said of myself. I held strongly to this resolution, though I broke it sometimes under great stress; but this was a rare occurrence. I persuaded the sisters, and friends who visited me, also to observe this rule; they acquired the habit, so that it came to be recognised that when I was present the absent were safe; they had nothing to fear from my friends or kindred."

Thus, in spite of the self-reproach expressed by the Saint for having given bad example in other respects, and for having, she says, "been the cause of much evil," she was at this time a model of perfect abandonment to God's good pleasure, most zealous for His honour, most careful to preserve intact her neighbour's reputation, and already possessed of the spirit of prayer in no ordinary degree. At length she was interiorly moved to ask for the restoration of her health.

"I began," she writes, "by having the Adorable Sacrifice of the Mass offered for my intention, and I made use of the most highly approved prayers, for I have never liked those other devotions, carried out with certain ceremonies which seem to me intolerable, but in which some people, women especially, find an attraction which deceives them. In effect they have since been condemned as unseemly and superstitious. I took also for my Patron and Lord the glorious St Joseph, urgently imploring his assistance. It was given in the most striking manner. This

tender father of my soul, this beloved protector, drew me from the state in which my body languished, as he has snatched me from other perils more grievous still, where there was question of my honour and my eternal salvation. He has always helped me in a manner far beyond my expectations and my prayers. I cannot remember ever to have asked him for anything which he has not granted, and I am amazed at the thought of the great favours granted to me by God through the intercession of this Blessed Saint—the dangers both of soul and body from which he has delivered me. To other Saints Our Lord seems to have given power to aid us in some special necessity ; but to this glorious Saint, as I know by experience, power to help us in all circumstances. By this Our Lord would have us understand that, just as on earth He was subject to St Joseph, recognising his authority as foster-father and guardian, so in Heaven He is still pleased to do his will by granting all his petitions."

The Saint goes on to relate instances of St Joseph's wonderful power and loving-kindness, and concludes with characteristic good sense and piety: "I fail to understand how any one can think of the Queen of Angels, during the time when she suffered so much on account of the Infant Jesus, without giving thanks to St Joseph for the services he then rendered to them both. He who cannot find any one to teach him how to pray, let him take for his master this glorious Saint, and he will not go astray."

CHAPTER IV

THE TIME OF THE "GREAT DISSIPATION"

FILLED with gratitude for the restoration of her health, Teresa set to work with new ardour to fulfil the duties of her state. She gave herself up to prayer and the service of her sisters. All who approached her were received with the utmost kindness, and she soon became known in Avila as one of the most gifted and attractive of the Carmelites. In that good old city of knights and saints even the most worldly-minded were drawn towards those who had embraced the religious state, which in Spain was held in special honour, as a stronghold of the faith and a pledge of God's love for their country. The customs of the Convent of the Incarnation at that time allowed an almost unrestricted freedom of intercourse with seculars, especially to the most virtuous and prudent of the nuns, among whom Teresa was counted in spite of her youth. Scarcely any restraint was imposed upon her with regard to visitors, and thus it came about that she spent more time in the parlour and less in the choir, until at last she grew weary of recollection, and gradually abandoned the practices she had learned from Don Pedro's little book. Then, deeming herself unworthy because of her infidelities and imper-

fections, to hold familiar converse with Our Lord, she contented herself with reciting the vocal prayers prescribed by her rule. "This," she says, "was the most fearful delusion into which Satan could have plunged me—to give up prayer under pretence of humility." He knows only too well that a soul faithful to mental prayer will never be caught in his snares. The very faults he may lead her to commit will, by God's grace, become a means of redoubling her fervour.

The Saint names this period of her life the time of her "great dissipation." In reviewing it we are forced, while allowing for the exaggeration with which in the light of God's love she afterwards viewed her faults, to admit the weak point in her character. Her ardent nature longed exceedingly for human sympathy—she lived to love and be beloved, and judged that, provided there was nothing sinful in her intercourse with friends, it could not be too affectionate. Moreover, she imagined that she was making use of a legitimate and powerful means to win souls for the Kingdom of Christ. With all her insight and common sense, she failed to perceive that many of her visitors came, not to hear her talk about God, but simply to hear her talk. One of the elder sisters, a relative and also a devoted friend, pointed out the snare, but with no good result. On this point Teresa was spiritually blind and deaf. It was reserved to her father to open her eyes and touch her heart as well as her conscience.

Under her direction he had made great pro-

gress in mental prayer, and had for some time been leading in his own home a life of strict seclusion and union with God. "Loving my father so much," she says, "I longed to see him in the possession of that good which I seemed myself to have derived from prayer. It seemed to me that it was the highest good in this life, and so by various indirect means I contrived to lead him to it. I gave him books which treated of prayer, and his own good dispositions caused its exercise to become so habitual, that in a few years he had made such progress that I continually praised Our Lord for it. It was a very great consolation to me, for he had many and grievous trials, which he bore with perfect resignation. He often visited me, for it was a comfort to him to converse with me about God and heavenly things." When, therefore, Teresa told her father that she was no longer able to pray, putting her ill-health forward as an excuse, he believed her, and never remained long with her, fearing to tire her. "When he had seen me, he went his way," writes the Saint, "saying that he was wasting time. As I was wasting it in other vanities, I easily let him go."

So the days passed: the fine gold was dimmed and many precious graces lost. Teresa kept the white robe of her baptism unstained by grievous sin, but her lukewarmness increased, until at last she began to realise how far she was in reality from the degree of perfection attributed to her by others. Her sisters saw in her a fervent religious, exact in exterior observance;

never heard to utter an unpleasant, still less an unkind or uncharitable word; always ready to oblige, at whatever cost or inconvenience to herself; conversing with such charm on spiritual things that she drew to the convent parlours the most distinguished citizens of Avila.

Our Divine Lord, however, beheld her soul, not only as it actually was, but as it might have been, and He, Himself, condescended to show her the cause of her failure to realise His ideal in her creation, and withdrawal from the world. She was talking with one of her new acquaintances in the convent parlour when He appeared to her. "Christ stood before me," she says, "sad and severe, giving me to understand what in my conduct was offensive to Him. I saw Him with the eyes of the soul, more distinctly than I could have done with my bodily sight. The vision made so deep an impression on me that, although it took place six-and-twenty years ago, I still seem to behold Him. I was greatly astonished and perturbed, and inwardly resolved not to see the person any more."

The Saint was ignorant at the time that it was possible to have a purely intellectual vision, and Satan helped her to persuade herself that she only imagined she saw Our Lord, and that there was no harm in conversing with the person in question, to whom she was much attached. She was inwardly convinced that her vision came from God, but she put away the thought of it, as well as of another mysterious circumstance—the sudden appearance in the parlour at midday

of a great toad, which crawled very rapidly towards her and her companion. She continued to indulge in this "pestilent pastime" as she calls it—a recreation which she conjures every religious who reads her life to fly from for the love of God.

About this time Don Alonzo fell dangerously ill, and Teresa obtained permission to nurse him. She lavished upon him the tenderest care, and witnessed with mingled joy and grief the passing of his pure soul to God. She was broken-hearted at the loss of her beloved father's saintly presence; but the example of his death, and his dying prayers and blessing, brought her a decisive grace—a sorrow and remorse so great that she made her confession to the Dominican friar who had attended her father, and resolved by his advice never in future to omit her prayer.

"I began to return to it," she writes, "though I did not avoid the occasions of sin, and I never again omitted it. My life grew very wretched, for in my prayer I saw my faults more and more plainly. On the one hand God drew me towards Himself; on the other I followed the attractions of the world. All the things of God seemed to me delightful; yet I was held captive by the things of the world. I wanted, as it were, to make an alliance between these two, so greatly opposed to each other—the spiritual life and the pleasures and amusements of the life of sense. I suffered much in prayer, for the spirit was slave, not master; so that I was unable to withdraw into myself—as my custom was in

prayer—without at the same time enclosing within me a thousand vanities. In this way I spent many years, and am now astonished that any one could have continued so long without giving up one or the other. I know well, however, that I could not have abandoned prayer, for He, who was seeking to bestow greater mercies upon me, kept me in His hand."

The Saint then goes on to describe the means by which her soul was quickened and enlightened during her meditations on the Sacred Passion. One day she went into an oratory, where there was a statue representing Our Lord covered with grievous wounds. As she gazed upon her Divine Saviour in so touching and pitiable a state, she felt broken-hearted. The sight of His wounds, which seemed to bleed anew, and the thought of her own ingratitude, pierced her soul with grief. She fell at His feet imploring, with torrents of tears, that she might never again offend Him. Then she experienced the efficacious help of St Mary Magdalene, to whom she had a tender devotion, often pondering on the blessedness of her conversion, especially after Holy Communion, and begging that queen of penitents to obtain pardon for her. At such times she had often wept over her infidelities, but the impressions had quickly passed away; now, however, the moment of grace had come, and Teresa told Our Lord she would not leave His feet until He had strengthened her once for all, so that she might never displease Him any more. "I hold for certain," she writes, "that

this act was a great help to me, for I have grown better ever since I made it."

She then explains her method of prayer at this period of her life: "As I could not make reflections with my understanding, I pictured Christ within me, and I derived much profit from the contemplation of those mysteries of His life in which He was most lonely. It seemed to me that just because of His loneliness and distress He would be willing to let me come into His presence. I had many simple ways of this sort, and, in particular, used to find myself most easily near Him in His prayer in the garden. I used to like to keep Him company there, thinking over that agony of sadness, and that sweat of blood which the heart-break of His sorrow caused to flow. I wished, had it been possible, to wipe away from His face that painful sweat; but never, as I remember, did I dare to attempt it; the grievous sight of my sins prevented me. I used to stay in this manner with my adorable Saviour as long as my thoughts permitted me, for I had many importunate distractions to torment me."

For many years, even before entering religion, Teresa had been accustomed before falling asleep, when she commended her soul to God that she might sleep in peace, to dwell for a little while on this mystery of Christ's prayer in the Garden. She had profited greatly by this practice, which, as it were, initiated her into that method of prayer in which the understanding makes no reflections, but the heart alone speaks.

CHAPTER V

THE LIFE OF PRAYER

FROM this time forward the Saint made rapid progress. In the story of her life she describes the development within her soul of the spirit of prayer and union with God. "Those who advance without formal considerations," she says, "make great progress, because it is effected by love. But, except those souls whom Our Lord is pleased to lead quickly to the prayer of quiet, all who walk in this way have to take much pains. They should help themselves to recollection by the use of a book. To me it was also a help to look on fields and flowers and water. In them I saw traces of the Creator—I mean that the sight of them was to me as a book, in which I could read the story of God's greatness and love, and my own sins and ingratitude. . . . I was so little able to put things before me by the help of my understanding that, unless I could see a thing with my eyes, my imagination would not work. . . . This is why I was so fond of images. Wretched are they who, through their own fault, have forfeited this blessing. Clearly they do not love Our Lord; for if they loved Him they would rejoice at the sight of His picture, as men find pleasure in looking

upon the portrait of one they love. . . . I used to have sometimes a certain tenderness of soul, which I believe to be in some degree attainable by one's own efforts: a consolation dwelling neither wholly in the senses, nor wholly in the spirit, and which is entirely God's gift. I think, however, that we can help to secure it by considering our own vileness and ingratitude, what great things God has done for us, the grievous pains of His Passion, His life so full of sorrows; also by the contemplation of His works, of His greatness, and of the love that He bears us."

After describing the graces she received at this time, the Saint goes on to explain by comparison with the work of a gardener, four degrees of prayer. "A beginner," she says, "must look upon himself as having undertaken to convert a plot of waste land, overgrown with weeds, into a garden of delights for Our Lord. His Majesty roots up the weeds and sets good plants in their stead. Let us consider this to have been already done, when a soul has resolved to give itself to prayer, and has begun to practise it. We must then, as good gardeners, labour, with God's help, to make the plants grow. We must water them carefully; then, instead of withering, they will blossom into flowers so fragrant, that the Divine Master will often take His pleasure in this garden, and delight Himself in the midst of their virtues. . . . It seems to me that the garden may be watered in four ways: by water drawn with great labour from a deep well; or by means of an engine, when several buckets are filled at

once—an easier way than the first, and one by which more water is obtained ; thirdly, by turning a stream of water into the garden, whereby the soil is thoroughly saturated and the gardener's labour considerably lightened ; lastly, by a way which is beyond comparison the best, when rain falls in showers, so that Our Lord waters the garden Himself without any labour on our part.

" To apply this illustration of the four ways of watering a garden, in order to render it productive, it seems to me so apt, that by it I shall be able to explain to some extent the four degrees of prayer to which, in His goodness, Our Lord has at different times raised my soul. . . . Of beginners in prayer, we may say that they resemble those who laboriously draw the water from the well. They find it hard to restrain their wandering senses, which have been accustomed to so many distractions. They must begin by disregarding what they see and hear, setting it aside at the time of prayer, seeking to be alone in order to think over their past life. . . . At first they suffer greatly because they are not sure they are really penitent ; yet they are so, because they are sincerely determined to serve God. The Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ should be the usual subject of their meditation, and will often weary the mind, because it supposes efforts on our part, aided of course by God's grace, without which, as every one knows, we cannot have even a single good thought.

"This is to begin drawing water from the well. God grant there may be some in it to draw. That, however, does not depend upon us; we are there to draw it, and we are doing all in our power to water the flowers. God is so good that when for reasons known to His Majesty—perhaps for our greater benefit—He dries up the well-springs, He will not fail, provided that we, like good gardeners, do our best to nourish the flowers without water, and to make our virtues bloom. By this water I mean here, our tears, or, in case we have none to shed, then tenderness and an inward feeling of devotion. What should he do, therefore, who is conscious only of dryness, disgust, dislike, and so great a repugnance to go to the well for water that he would give up doing so once for all did he not remember that he has to please and to serve the Lord of the garden, and that he has a certain hope of being in the end rewarded for the great labour of lowering the bucket so often and drawing it up empty? It will happen that he will find himself unable many a time to move his arms; in other words, to have a single good thought. Working with the understanding is like drawing water from the well in this way.

"What, I repeat, should the gardener then do? He must rejoice, and take comfort in the thought that to labour in the garden of so great a King is the greatest possible favour. As he knows that he is pleasing Him in this matter—and this must be his purpose, not to please himself—let

him praise his Lord greatly for the trust He places in him ; for the Master sees that, without any recompense, he takes the utmost care of what has been confided to him ; let him help to carry the Cross, remembering how his Lord bore it all His life long ; let him not seek his kingdom here, nor ever neglect his prayer ; finally, let him be determined, even if this dryness should last to the end of his life, never to let Christ fall down under the Cross. The day will come when he shall be rewarded for all. . . . Going back then to what I was saying : we set ourselves to meditate upon some mystery of the Passion—let us say, Our Lord at the pillar. The understanding goes about seeking the causes of the grievous pains and bitter anguish which His Majesty endured in that desolation. It views the mystery in many lights, according to its skill and learning. . . . It is well we should make reflections for a time, considering the sufferings Our Lord bore at the pillar, for whom He bore them, who He is that bore them, and with what love He endured them. But no one should weary his mind with these thoughts, but rather remain near Christ in the silence of the understanding. If he is able, let him keep looking at Christ, who is looking upon him ; let him keep Christ company and make his petitions there ; let him humble himself, taking his delight in Christ and bearing in mind that he has never deserved to come near Him. When he is able to occupy himself thus, even at the beginning of his prayer, he will derive much fruit from it,

for prayer made in this way brings great advantages with it."

Having spoken in great detail, and with much unction, of the first degree of prayer, the Saint explains the second degree, in which the soul begins to receive special supernatural consolations. "Herein the soul begins to be recollected; it is now bordering on the supernatural, for it could never attain to this second degree by any efforts of its own. It may, indeed, at times seem to have been wearied at the wheel, labouring with the understanding, and, as it were, filling the buckets; but in this second degree the water is higher, so that the labour is not nearly so great as when it had to be drawn up from the depths of the well—the water is nearer, for grace reveals itself more clearly to the soul.

"This is a gathering together of the soul's faculties within itself, that it may rest in the fruition of that contentment with greater sweetness; not that the faculties are either lost or asleep; but the will alone is occupied, in such a way that, without seeing how it has been made captive, it simply yields itself God's prisoner, realising to the full what it is to be the captive of Him it loves. . . . The other two faculties help the will to render itself capable of the enjoyment of so great a good; still, it may happen, even when the will is in union, that they hinder it exceedingly; but it should abide in its fruition and quiet, without paying to them the smallest attention. By trying to make them recollected, the will would miss its way along

with them, for they are become like doves which, not being satisfied with the food provided by the master of the dovecote, without any labour on their part, go abroad to seek it elsewhere, and not finding it easily, come back again. In this way the memory and understanding keep on coming and going, seeking from the will a share of that fruition into which it has entered."

Having shown that the one thing necessary for the soul in this second degree of prayer is utter dependence upon God, the Saint passes to the explanation of the third degree, in which the garden is watered by a running stream which only needs to be directed in its course. "In this state Our Lord will help the gardener, and be in a certain sense the gardener Himself, doing all the work. The powers of the soul seem to be asleep, not realising how they are employed, yet not wholly lost. The pleasure, sweetness, and delight are beyond comparison greater than those experienced in the second degree of prayer, because the waters of grace have, as it were, risen to the neck of the soul, so that it cannot move either backward or forward—it does not see its way, nor does it care for anything but the enjoyment of overwhelming bliss. . . . This state of prayer seems to me to be a most distinct union of the soul with God, except that His Majesty seems to permit the faculties to realise and enjoy His great work in them."

Finally, the Saint shows how, in the fourth degree of prayer, the soul is really dead to the

world, and, for the time being, perfectly united to God. When the prayer is over, the soul remains full of courage and humility. "It looks upon itself as most unworthy, for in a room filled with brilliant sunshine every cobweb is seen: it sees its own misery. . . . Its past life stands before it side by side with God's great mercy. . . . It sees, so far as itself is concerned, that it has deserved hell, and has received for its sentence, bliss. It loses itself in the praises of God."

CHAPTER VI

THE WORK OF THE GOOD SPIRIT

ABOUT this time St Francis Borgia was leading the Society of Jesus to new conquests in Spain, and he counted as not the least among them that of the chivalrous youth of Avila. A college was opened there whose Rector, Father Juan de Padronos, was chosen by God to enlighten and guide Teresa, until the direction of her soul should be confided to that eminent master of the spiritual life, Father Balthasar Alvarez. She knew nothing of the Society beyond its motto and the reputation of its members for learning and sanctity. She needed to know no more. Advised to consult Father Juan as to the spirit by which she was being led, she opened her heart to him, resolved to follow his counsels exactly.

At their first interview these two pure souls met in God's sight and understood each other. The Jesuit had no difficulty in discerning the work of the good spirit in the candour and humility of the Carmelite—he knew himself to be face to face with a Saint ; she realised at once that she had found a trustworthy guide. Under his direction she made the Exercises of Saint Ignatius, scarcely suited, one might have

thought, to a mind so unaccustomed to points and preludes. They were, it is true, only a passing help to one who was so often absorbed in the prayer of perfect union ; still, she afterwards spoke of this retreat as her real starting-point, saying, " I was born and brought up in the Society of Jesus." Its founder was about to meet the King, around whose standard he and his sons had rallied so valiantly. Had he heard anything of that countrywoman of his whose zeal and life-work were to be, as it were, the complement of his own ? The Jesuit in the college and the pulpit, the Carmelite in the cloister and the choir ! The one pleading with, the other for, souls ! Ignatius and Teresa, still, in their children, such mighty forces on God's side !

In the spring of 1557 St Francis Borgia, making the visitation of his province, came to Avila. It was known to the Fathers of the Society that God favoured him with extraordinary graces in prayer, and they naturally sought to bring him into touch with the mystic of Carmel. Experience had taught him the nature and reality of the favours bestowed upon her, and while approving of her director's prudence in testing them by mortifications and humiliations, he bade her no longer resist the raptures which seized her soul, but yield entirely and without fear to the action of the good spirit within her. She was to begin her prayer by meditating on some mystery of the Passion ; then, if Our Lord should raise up her spirit, she

was to suffer His Majesty to do so, she herself not making any effort either way. The joy and peace of her soul at this decision may be imagined.

Father Juan's removal from Avila cast a little cloud over her joy; but it was soon to be dispelled, mainly through the influence of Doña Guiomar de Ulloa. She was daughter to the Governor of Toro, and had been brought up by her widowed mother in Avila, where she married Don Francis Sobralejo. Left a widow at twenty-five years of age, she gave herself entirely to prayer and good works, under the direction of Father Balthasar Alvarez. He had been received into the Society by St Francis Borgia in 1555, and was soon distinguished by his angelic purity of life, his eminent learning, and his supernatural enlightenment in the guidance of souls. Teresa was about forty-three, he was only twenty-five and had just been ordained, when she placed herself under his direction. God made use of him to guide her to the summit of perfection; none the less had He chosen her, to form her director into a master of the spiritual life and a zealous apostle of souls. The way in which they were brought together is admirably described by St Teresa's gifted daughter, the authoress of the French *Histoire de Sainte Thérèse.*

The Convent of the Incarnation, she tells us, had not taken pattern from the Saint's recollection and fervour. The number of religious increased year by year, and those who entered were for the most part gifted with good disposi-

tions and an attraction towards the calm of the cloister. But what had this beautiful convent, with its spacious gardens, to offer them, beyond the peace and comfort of a pleasant home? Even the mitigated rule of Carmel was not strictly enforced. Each nun lived more or less according to her taste, practising piety in a greater or less degree, much as she might have done in the world. The revenues of the convent, too, were totally inadequate to the support of the community, so that the nuns easily obtained leave to eke out their resources by making long visits to their relatives and friends. Some time after Father Juan's departure from Avila, Teresa had obtained permission to stay with a relative residing near the Jesuit College, and had been introduced to Doña Guiomar de Ulloa. Later on she was allowed to become the guest of this lady, and noted her rapid progress in the spiritual life under the direction of Father Balthasar Alvarez. She lost no time in placing herself also under his guidance.

He at once perceived the rare gifts of her soul, and to what eminent holiness she might attain. He urged her to refuse God nothing; but at the same time he refrained from exacting sacrifices which she seemed unable to make. It was the old story. There were certain friendships to which she clung, and thought it would show a want of gratitude to break off. "As I did not offend God," she says, "I asked my confessor if I must be ungrateful. He told me to lay the case before Our Lord, and recite the *Veni*

Creator for a few days that God might enlighten me as to the better course. One day, having prayed for some time, and implored Our Lord to help me to please Him in all things, I began the hymn, and as I was saying it, fell into a rapture so suddenly that I seemed to be at once carried out of myself. . . . I heard the words: 'I will not have thee converse with men but angels.' . . . I told my confessor, and gave up everything, as he counselled me. My determination did a great deal of good to those with whom I used to converse."

This transformation was the work of the Divine Word, which had effected in a moment what Teresa's own efforts had for years vainly sought to accomplish. From this time forward supernatural favours were showered upon her; but she had also grievous trials to undergo. The most painful were those brought upon her by good people who feared she was the victim of delusions, and that her visions were the work either of Satan or of her own imagination. For a time her confessor seemed almost to share their opinion: he listened to their representations so far as to bid her give up her long hours of contemplation; he tried her virtue in every possible way, even depriving her for three weeks of Holy Communion. But Our Divine Lord sustained her courage. "He told me," she says, "not to flatter myself that I was obedient unless I was resolved to suffer. I needed only to glance at what He had Himself undergone, and everything would become easy to me." She profited so well

by this lesson, and advanced so rapidly along the path of perfection that the truth of her visions was made manifest. She became more and more inflamed with the love of God, until, as in the case of the stigmata of St Francis of Assisi, a wound in her heart gave miraculous evidence of the love which transported her out of herself.

" I saw close by me," she writes, " an angel in bodily form, on my left hand. Though I often have visions of angels, they very rarely appear in this form : the visions are purely intellectual, like my first vision of Our Lord. This time God willed that I should behold the form of the angel with the eyes of my soul. He was short of stature, but exceedingly beautiful. By his burning countenance I knew him for one of those spirits of the highest rank, who seem to be wholly fire : they must be those whom we call Cherubim. They do not tell me their names, but I see very clearly that in Heaven there is a greater difference between the various bands of angels, and between one angel and another, than I can explain."

She saw in the angel's hand a long golden dart tipped with flame ; she felt him piercing her heart with it several times, leaving her all on fire with a burning love for God. " So great was the pain," she says, " that I was forced to moan aloud ; yet it was so surpassingly sweet that I could not wish to be delivered from it."

The wound made by the angel was real and physical. It is visible to-day in the heart of

the Saint, severed from the body, and enclosed in a magnificent crystal reliquary kept at the Carmelite Convent at Alba de Tormes. Miracles have borne witness to its power before God; and it is honoured by a special feast—The Transpiercing of the Heart of St Teresa, 27th August. The hymn which the Saint improvised during the days when, as she says, she "wished to see or speak with no one, but only to cherish the pain which was to her a greater bliss than all created things could give," was discovered at Seville in 1700. It is sublime in its simplicity and tenderness :—

"In the very depths of my being
I have been stricken; and, oh,
The Hand was surely Divine,
Such marvels have followed the blow.

"Though the dart has wounded me sore,
Though the wound be even to death,
With a pain beyond any of earth,
Yet this wound alone now gives me breath!

"It kills—how then does it give life?
It gives life—how can it destroy?
How while wounding, still heal, leaving thee
Closest union with God to enjoy?

"Divine skill must belong to the Hand
Whose lance, in a combat so dire,
Passes through, yet gives life to the foe,
Whom It bends to the Victor's desire."

The Divine fire which thus at once consumed and vivified Teresa's soul, impelled her more ardently than ever to become an apostle of the Sacred Heart. She yearned to carry the Gospel of Christ to unenlightened nations, to bring the strayed sheep back into the fold, to help the

faithful to hold fast that which they had received. But she felt absolutely powerless. What influence had she even in her own convent? Was she not looked upon by many as a mere visionary; by not a few, as the sport of Satan? Moreover, as she tells us, the co-existence of grievous spiritual sufferings with intense joy in the soul was beyond her comprehension, and she was greatly troubled in mind. Our Lord had compassion on her state, and sent to her assistance one of His holiest and most enlightened servants.

CHAPTER VII

STRIFE AND VICTORY

It was to this great servant of God, the Franciscan friar, Pedro de Alcantara, that Teresa confided her soul at this time ; and it was from him that she received the assurance of the truth of her visions. After his death she described the heroic virtues—his marvellous courage and sharp penance—which he had allowed her to get a glimpse of, in order that she might be strengthened in her resolve to suffer bravely whatever might befall her. "It was Our Lord's will," she says, "that he should undertake my defence, and encourage me, at a time when I was in great straits. . . . He told me, I think, that during forty years he had not slept for more than an hour and a half out of the twenty-four, and that this overcoming of sleep was the greatest penance he underwent at the beginning. To keep himself awake he remained either kneeling or standing, and while he slept, he sat down resting his head against a piece of wood driven into the wall. He could not have lain down, had he so wished, for, as is well known, his cell was only four feet and a half in length."

To him the Saint gave a full account of her life and way of prayer. His own experience

enabled him to understand her clearly. He enlightened and consoled her, bidding her to rest convinced that she was led by the Spirit of God. A mutual confidence was at once established between the two Saints, as we learn from Teresa herself. "He was greatly comforted in me," she says, "was most kind and helpful, and ever afterwards took great care of me, and told me about his own affairs and his labours. When he saw that I had conceived those very desires which in him had already been fulfilled—for Our Lord had given me very great desires—and also that I was strong in my resolutions, he took much delight in conversing with me. To a person whom Our Lord has already raised to this degree of prayer, there can be no satisfaction or comfort so great as that of meeting with another whom He is beginning to raise in a similar way. . . . He was extremely sorry for me. He told me that I had been subjected to one of the greatest trials in this world—the contradiction of good people—and that greater trials still were awaiting me. . . . We made an agreement that I should write to him and let him know how matters went with me, and that we should pray much for each other. . . . He left me in the greatest joy and consolation, bidding me persevere in my way of prayer, with perfect trust and certainty that it was God's work. . . . Nevertheless I was not able always to feel that confidence, for Our Lord was leading me by the way of fear. . . . Accordingly, although my soul was calmed and com-

forted by the holy friar, I did not rely so firmly on his words as to be entirely without fear, particularly when Our Lord seemed to forsake me in my afflictions."

The Saint then goes on to describe the terrible pains of body and mind by which she was beset, and the grievous assaults of the devil to which she was subjected. She exposes so clearly the delusions into which a soul aspiring to perfection may fall, unless it is always on guard, that we cannot do better than quote her words again.

"I forgot all Our Lord's mercies towards me, or recalled them only as a dream by which I was greatly distressed. My reason was so obscured that innumerable suspicions and doubts arose in my mind; I began to fancy that I had never understood what passed within me, and that it was bad enough to have deceived myself, without also imposing on good men. I seemed to myself so wicked that my sins might easily be the cause why heresies, and other evils, had been allowed to arise. This was a false humility invented by Satan to disquiet me and, if possible, drive me to despair. I have by this time learned from experience to discern his work; therefore, knowing that I understand him, he does not torment me in that way as much as he used to do.

"His work is easily recognised by the worry and distress amid which it begins, and the trouble it causes in the soul while it lasts; from the darkness of mind, the agitation and aridity of spirit, the disgust for prayer and for every sort

of good work, which it produces. It seems to stifle the soul and weigh down the body, so as to make both quite good for nothing. On the other hand, though the soul is convinced of its misery and its wickedness, and though we are pained at the sight of them, as deeply as in the case mentioned before, yet true humility causes no trouble of mind. It neither disturbs, nor darkens, nor dries up the soul. On the contrary, it gives consolation, being always accompanied by peace, sweetness, and light. It is certainly painful, but it is consoling, because the soul realises the mercy of Our Lord in letting it suffer, and the good that its suffering effects. While it grieves to have offended God, it rejoices in His compassion. It is so enlightened as to be filled with shame on account of its sins, and gratitude to the Lord who has borne with it so long. That other humility, which is of Satan's suggesting, never gives light for any good work."

The Saint continues with admirable simplicity to make known the secrets of her interior life, furnishing in this way, according to the designs of God's good Providence, maxims and illustrations of great value in the guidance of the human soul. She distinguishes the work of the imagination and the understanding from that of the will, and points out the inestimable value and glorious reward of temptations rightly encountered, and passed through without sin. "It seems to me," she says, "that my will is good, thoroughly well disposed; but my understanding is so out of hand that it is like a raving

lunatic let loose, which I am unable to restrain for a single moment. Sometimes I laugh at myself and my wretched foolishness: I leave my understanding alone and watch its behaviour. Praise be to Our Lord it never, for a wonder, runs after what is sinful; but only on indifferent matters, occupying itself with what goes on all around. Thus I realise more and more God's exceeding mercies towards me, when I see Him bind this lunatic with the chains of perfect contemplation. . . . My soul is likewise occasionally subject to a certain silliness—that is its right name—when I seem to be doing neither well nor ill, just moving along with the crowd, as the saying is, feeling neither sorrow nor joy, quite indifferent to life or death, pleasure or pain. I seem to be without any feeling. The soul seems then to me like a little ass, which feeds and thrives, because it takes the food before it without any reflection."

Then follow other admirable explanations of the inner life, which serve to enlighten and stimulate all who are striving to enter upon the way of love. "This love is like a great fire which must be continually replenished; otherwise it will burn out. These souls, therefore, will keep bringing fuel to it, in order to prevent its dying out. As for me, I should be glad, considering what I am, if I had but a straw even to throw upon it. . . . The inward stirring of my love urges me to do something for God, and all I can do is, clean or put in order an oratory, adorn an altar with flowers, or some such trifling

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acts, so that I am ashamed of myself. If I undertook some practice of penance, it was so slight a thing, and done in such a way, that I saw, unless Our Lord would accept my good will, it was all worthless, and I laughed at myself. The want of sufficient bodily strength to do something for God is no small affliction to those, to whom in His goodness He has communicated this fire of His love in its fulness. This want is in itself an excellent penance, for when souls lack strength sufficient to heap fuel on this fire, and are dying of fear lest the fire should go out, it seems to me that they themselves become fuel, being reduced to ashes or dissolved in tears : so they burn away, and this is suffering enough, however sweet."

Satan was permitted by God, at this time, to attack the Saint openly. He made himself visible under the form of a horrible little negro, gnashing his teeth with rage, or in other repulsive shapes, with flames issuing from his body. Words came from him to the effect that although Teresa had escaped out of his hands, he would yet secure her. She made the Sign of the Cross, and the form vanished, but reappeared instantly. She sprinkled holy water around, and Satan was effectually driven away. "I know by frequent experience," she says, "that nothing drives the devils away like holy water. They vanish before the Sign of the Cross, but they return immediately. How great the power of this water must be! As for me, whenever I make use of it, my soul is conscious of a certain special consolation—

a refreshment which I cannot describe, and an interior joy which strengthens my soul. This is not a mere fancy, nor an exceptional circumstance, for it has frequently happened, and I have observed it very carefully. . . . I consider of the first importance everything ordained by the Church, and I rejoice in the thought that her words are so mighty as to communicate to water so mysterious and wonderful a power, that there is a vast difference between holy water and water that has never been blessed."

More and more easily did Teresa gain the victory in her combats with the evil spirit. She was sincere in her love of Our Lord, and by degrees she came to see that the one thing necessary for those who aim at a close union with Him is to abandon everything into His hands. She gradually attained that perfect liberty of spirit which became so characteristic a mark of her sanctity, and consequently paid less and less attention to what others thought or said of her. Looking back on this period of her life she writes: "A soul left in the Hands of God is not anxious about good or evil report, provided it realises, when Our Lord is pleased to bestow His grace upon it, that it has nothing of its own."

By degrees, too, her heart, so greatly loving and so greatly beloved, felt the need of a more perfect detachment from even the lawful ties of family affection. "I thought a few years ago," she tells us, "not only that I was detached from home and kindred, but that they had become

burdensome to me. . . . I felt (in certain family affairs) that I was not so detached as I thought, and that it was necessary for me to flee from dangerous occasions, if the virtues which Our Lord had begun to implant in my soul were to increase."

Yet another sign of the want of that detachment from things of earth, which is essential to the soul aiming at a life of prayer and union with God, is found in anxiety as to one's reputation. "If any one detects in himself," says the Saint, "any tenderness concerning his good name, and yet wishes to advance in the spiritual life, let him believe my words and cast this embarrassment behind him, for it is a chain no file can sever; only by God's help, given after fervent prayer and much striving, can this be done. I see those who are accomplishing works so holy and so great as to fill others with amazement. O my God, why is their soul still on this earth? Why have they not reached the heights of perfection? What holds back those who are doing so much for God? Ah, there it is!—self-esteem! . . . Let it be ever so slight, it will have the same result as the missing of a note on the organ when it is played—the whole music is out of tune."

CHAPTER VIII

THE BEGINNING OF THE REFORM

THE 16th of July 1560 is a date memorable in the Carmelite annals. High festival had been held, as was customary, in the Convent of the Incarnation at Avila; and when Mass and sermon were over, crowds of visitors had besieged, as was also customary, the convent parlours. At last they had dispersed, and a little group of chosen souls had gathered together in Teresa's cell. There was Jane Suarez, longing for a few minutes' private intercourse; there were Inez and Anne de Tapia, cousins of the Saint, brought up in the convent, and but just professed; there were the distinguished heiresses, Maria and Eleanora de Ocampo, daughters to a first cousin of Teresa's, and, according to Spanish custom, calling her their aunt. Maria is listening intently to the regret expressed by the nuns that a day so dear to them should have been passed amid so many worldly distractions—there are so many nuns in the convent, and each one has had so many visitors! Suddenly the merry girl exclaims: "Well, then, let all of us here go elsewhere, to lead a more secluded life, like the hermits of old; if you feel in your hearts the courage to live like the barefooted Fran-

ciscans, there will be no difficulty in founding a convent." Her words fell upon the ears of her companions like a heaven-sent message. In a transport of joyous surprise, Teresa asks if she is in earnest. Maria repeats her suggestion quite seriously, and offers, moreover, to give a thousand ducats towards the initial expenses of the undertaking. Her sister and her cousins warmly second the proposal. Jane Suarez is silent: she has found much peace and happiness in her present way of life; she distrusts innovations and imagines insuperable difficulties. Teresa herself recognises the finger of Divine Providence. The secret yearnings of her heart after solitude, prayer and penance, which her life of union with God has so greatly intensified, seem to have communicated themselves in some mysterious way to the mind of her young kinswoman. She is consumed with zeal, too, for the salvation of so many souls in danger, especially, as she says, for "those Lutherans whom Baptism had made members of the Church." She has already begun for this end to observe her rule with the greatest possible fervour and exactness. Now the opportunity is offered to practise that rule in all its primitive strictness. She approves, therefore, most warmly of her niece's plan, and begins at once to discuss it. The first stone of the Reform would seem almost to have been laid.

Next day, Doña Guiomar comes to see her. "Can you guess," says the Saint with a smile, "what we were talking about yesterday, here?

Nothing less than the founding of a Carmel, where we may live like the barefooted Franciscans." Doña Guiomar was charmed with the idea; she welcomed it as coming direct from Heaven, and promised to do her utmost towards its realisation. Teresa, on her side, resolved to recommend it earnestly to Our Lord. In a vision after Holy Communion He responded to her appeal, bidding her begin the work, promising that it should succeed, and redound greatly to the glory of His Name. The first convent of the Reform was to be dedicated to St Joseph, who would guard one door, Our Lady, the other, while Our Lord, Himself, would dwell in the midst of the nuns. This house would be as a star of great splendour. She was not to imagine that, although the religious orders had lost their primitive fervour, Our Lord received but little service or glory from them. On the contrary. "What would become of the world," He said, "if there were no religious?" Finally she was to bid her confessor beware of opposing her design.

Father Balthasar, however, exacted as guarantee that the work was according to the Will of God, the permission of the Carmelite Provincial. This Doña Guiomar undertook to secure. Teresa herself sought further enlightenment from the three great contemporary saints—Francis Borgia, Peter of Alcantara, and Louis Bertrand. Jesuit, Franciscan, and Dominican were of one accord. "Mother Teresa," wrote St Louis Bertrand, "I have received your

letter, and because the matter on which you ask my advice is of such great importance to His glory, I have commended it to Our Lord in the Holy Sacrifice, and in my poor prayers. This is the cause of my long delay in answering you. Now I bid you go forward in God's Name, arming yourself with courage and confidence that He will enable you to carry out your design. I assure you, in His Name, that, before fifty years have passed, your Reform will be one of the most glorious in the Church." St Francis Borgia wrote in the same strain; and St Peter of Alcantara not only urged her to carry out her design, but gave her many wise and useful hints as to the best manner of doing so. Beyond all others he was qualified to be her guide to the matter of Reform, for he knew by experience the difficulties and dangers of the work.

To gain some idea of these difficulties a glance must be taken at the state of the Church and of the Carmelite Order at that period. The golden age of the later mediæval times had passed away. The scholastics and mystics of the thirteenth century had given place to the Humanists, and the so-called reformers of the centuries that followed. The true reformers were few and unknown. Such men as Gerhard Groot and Nicholas of Cusa were not recognised as being what they actually were—pioneers of the movement for reform within the Catholic Church. That movement began in the fourteenth century, was carried on by the Brothers

of the Common Life, to which the devout and learned Thomas à Kempis belonged, as well as by cloistered and uncloistered religious throughout Europe; it was finally sealed by the decrees of the Council of Trent.

Spain seemed at the time to take little notice of some of the regulations laid down by the Council concerning religious observance. The convent of "The Incarnation" at Avila, for example, had been founded in accordance with the mitigated rule of the Carmelite Order, approved by Pope Eugenius IV. The nuns were, for the most part, faithful to the comparatively light obligations which they had undertaken to fulfil. They were held in great favour and esteem by the citizens of Avila, who had no mind to condemn customs which gave them free access to the convent parlours, and permitted the nuns so often to visit their friends. They could scarcely be expected to realise how seriously these comings and goings interfered with the spirit of recollection so essential to religious life. The sisters themselves, taking their community as they found it, saw nothing blameworthy in their practically unrestricted intercourse with the outer world. They had not the slightest wish to exchange their beautiful convent, with its distinguished visitors, for a poor little secluded house of prayer and penance. Teresa felt otherwise, and her young kinswomen were beginning to catch a glimpse of the beauty of the high ideal she set before them. They had been cast in the same heroic mould, and were

willing to follow her lead, having imbibed the spirit of the maxims which she had strung together as a mark for her breviary :—

"Let nothing disturb thee,
Let nothing affright thee ;
All passes away,
God only can stay ;
Who has God wants for nothing,
God alone can suffice."

Teresa and her first daughters needed all the faith and courage implied by these maxims, for their enterprise was to be opposed by the most influential persons, both within and without the convent.

"Why could not the visionary let well alone ?" said many of those who heard of it. "Who was she, to set herself up as a reformer ? She had never been able to observe exactly even the mitigated rule. How could she undertake to keep the fasts and endure the other privations of the primitive observance ?" Even her stanch friend, Doña Guiomar, began to hesitate, and her discouragement was a severe disappointment. But Teresa always knew where to seek light and strength in any darkness or trouble of mind. She threw herself at Our Lord's feet. He made known to her that greater trials awaited her, but she was to take courage, and to reassure Doña Guiomar on His part. Thereupon they both set themselves "like pillars of bronze," as she expresses it, to support whatever might befall. The chief opposition came, as was natural, from the Carmelites themselves. They saw, in the proposed return

to the primitive rule, a sort of slur cast upon their present mitigated form of observance, and a menace to the future existence of their convents. They lost no time in representing this imaginary evil to the Provincial of the Order in Spain. He withdrew his consent, and Father Balthasar bade Teresa think no more about the Reform.

She obeyed, and then Our Lord took the matter into His own Divine Hands. "He told me," writes the Saint, "not to be in any trouble, since I had not sinned against Him throughout the affair, but, on the contrary, had greatly pleased Him. I was to do whatever my confessor required, and keep silence on the subject until the time came for it to be resumed. I was exceedingly consoled, and so happy, that I counted the persecution I was undergoing as a mere nothing. Our Lord showed me, at this time, how great a blessing it is to be tried and persecuted for His sake. The way in which my soul advanced, both in the love of God and the practice of other virtues, filled me with wonder. While those about me thought I had been thoroughly disheartened, I could not refrain from desiring further trials, for, in that extremity when I should naturally have been quite cast down, Our Lord in His great compassion came to my assistance."

During the next few months, therefore, Teresa laid aside all thoughts of the Reform, and never once spoke about it, even to Our Lord. At the end of that time a new Rector was appointed

to the Jesuit College, a man of great virtue, learning, and courage. He at once discerned the work of the Spirit of God in the Saint's soul, and bade her confessor leave her free to follow out the inspirations she received. The new foundation was to be planned with all prudence and secrecy, so as to avoid its being opposed as violently as before. Teresa realised all the trouble and pain to which she was exposing herself in undertaking what seemed to be impossible, but she knew it to be God's work, and so went bravely forward.

CHAPTER IX

THE CONVENT OF ST JOSEPH

TERESA had already in view a small house, which her brother-in-law, Juan de Ovalle, undertook to purchase, as if for his wife's use. Juana de Ahumada then came herself to Avila, and Teresa obtained leave to spend some time with her sister. She was thus able to superintend the adaptation of the little house, as the first convent of the Reform. Her brother, Don Lorenzo de Cepeda, opportunely sent her a present of money from Peru, and her heavenly patrons came visibly to her assistance. One day when she had no money to pay for some work she wished to have executed, St Joseph appeared to her, bidding her not to hesitate, and the work was scarcely begun when she received an unexpected sum of money. On the Feast of Saint Clare, as she was about to receive Holy Communion, the Saint appeared to her, and promised her assistance—a promise which was faithfully fulfilled by the Clarisses of Avila. On the Feast of the Assumption, as Teresa was sorrowing over her past life, she was rapt into an ecstasy, and beheld herself robed by Our Blessed Lady and St Joseph in a garment of pure white light, signifying, as they told her, that she was cleansed from every sin. She was filled with delight; Our Lady seemed to take

both her hands, saying how greatly she had pleased her by being so devout to the glorious St Joseph. She added that the new convent would certainly prosper; that her Divine Son would be greatly honoured therein; so, also, would she herself and her blessed spouse. In return, their constant protection would be felt, and as a token of this promise she placed round Teresa's neck a necklace and cross of gold and precious stones, of such splendour and beauty that nothing on earth could be compared with them.

This vision was the secret of the King; the Saint alone beheld her robe of dazzling light and her priceless jewels; but visible manifestations of God's approval and protection were not wanting. Her little nephew Gonsalvo, playing near a wall that was being demolished, was knocked down by part of it. His father carried him, apparently quite dead, into the room where Teresa was sitting with her friend. Doña Guiomar took the boy from his father's arms, and laid him in those of the Saint, saying, "He is dead, but God has the power to restore his life. How sad it would be for his poor parents to have come here upon our business only to lose their child!" Teresa bent over the boy, and with the utmost fervour begged Our Lord to give him back to his parents. Her prayer was granted. After a few moments the child opened his eyes, stretched out his hands lovingly towards his aunt, and was soon quite himself.

While her friends were thus occupied in

making everything ready for the new foundation, Teresa received an order from the Provincial to go to Toledo, in answer to a request from Doña Luisa de la Cerda, whose husband, a person of great consideration in Castile, had just died. Her presence brought peace to the heart of the desolate young widow, who earnestly begged that her stay in the palace might be prolonged. So the Saint remained, not to enjoy but to edify the brilliant society by which she was surrounded, and her intercourse with which was characterised by its perfect simplicity. "I kept my soul in constant recollection," she writes, "I did not dare to be careless, nor was Our Lord unmindful of me. During my stay He showered great graces upon me—graces which so completely set me free, and filled me with such contempt for all I saw (the more I saw, the greater my contempt), that, at all times, I conversed with those ladies, whom to wait upon would have been for me a high honour, with as much freedom as if I had been their equal." The Saint received the attentions paid to her with this perfect simplicity, neither seeking nor shunning them, only noting with a touch of humour the heavy chains of Spanish etiquette. "These grand dames must be careful to preserve the dignity of their state; they must eat when rank, not appetite, demands, not consulting their taste, but their position." If she chances to pay more attention to one of them than her rank is supposed to merit, the others are mightily offended.

The memory of this visit came to her mind years later, when she was writing her *Way of Perfection*. "Be most watchful," she counsels her daughters, "over your most secret thoughts, especially such as touch upon the matter of precedence. May Our Divine Lord preserve us, for the sake of His sacred Passion, from ever saying, or wilfully thinking, 'I am her senior in the Order; I have worked harder; she is better treated than I.' When thoughts like these arrive in your minds, suppress them at once; if you dwell upon them, or give expression to them, they will spread like a plague, and produce great evils in a religious community. . . . God deliver us from persons who try to live in His service, yet fear disgrace, and are solicitous about their personal dignity. What may be gained thereby only does harm in the end, for honour is lost by those who seek it, especially by religious in the matter of rank. No poison in the world is so fatal to perfection."

If, as is evident from her letters, Teresa was not at all dazzled by the fine ladies of Toledo, they were fascinated by her eminent gifts of nature and of grace. They sought eagerly to speak with her in private, to beg her counsels and her prayers. She was too simple, too zealous for God's greater glory and the good of their souls not to accede to their demands. To the matrons among them she spoke of the unswerving fidelity and constant self-sacrifice called for in that state whose duties they had solemnly promised to fulfil; of the humility and gentle-

ness with which they should govern their households. To the young girls she showed the beauty of maidenly reserve and reverence, the necessity of prudence in the choice of friends. To all she made known, as none knew better how to do, the sweetness and strength of a life of prayer. To one among them she pointed out the path to Carmel as her only safe way.

The beautiful heiress, Maria de Salazar, came to her room richly attired. Teresa knew by inspiration that her silks and laces and jewels were put on with a view to concealing the contempt for the world, which was already taking possession of her soul. "Maria," she said quietly, "such finery ill befits one who even now aspires to the veil of a religious." The girl blushed, wondering at the Saint's penetration, and no longer attempting to hide the truth. Richly dowered by nature and grace, carefully educated in her kinswoman's palace, the world had enticed her by offering to her of its best; but the unspeakable grief of Doña Luisa at the loss of her husband, and the coming to Toledo of the Saint of Carmel, had opened her eyes to the vanity of worldly happiness, and turned her thoughts and desires towards heavenly things. When Teresa unfolded to her the plan of Reform, she at once begged to be allowed to take part in it. Six years were to elapse before she could realise her hopes, but eventually she was to become "the friend of friends" of the Foundress. Under the direction of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, she prepared for the day when, in

1568, Teresa passed through Toledo on her way to found the convent of Malagon. Maria de Salazar followed her there and received, with the habit of the Reform, the name of Mary of St Joseph.

Teresa's prolonged visit to Doña Luisa would have been amply repaid by this single conquest for Carmel, but other fruits were garnered in before she left Toledo. The whole life of the palace was changed; its inmates began to approach the Sacraments regularly, to give abundant alms, and to follow in their daily conduct the counsels of the Saint, whom they had more than once beheld rapt in ecstasy during her prayer; and God's glory was further promoted by the bringing together at this time and place of Teresa and another great servant of God, Maria of Jesus, who had also been chosen by Him to found a convent of the primitive observance. She was a lady of Granada, whose husband had died shortly after their marriage. She had entered the Carmelite convent in her native place, and, while yet a novice, she had received the inspiration to found a convent of Discalced, or Barefooted, Carmelites, in the same year and the same month with Teresa herself. She left the novitiate, sold all she possessed, and went barefoot to Rome to obtain the briefs necessary. Pope Pius IV. granted her petition, saying, as he looked upon her bleeding feet, "Woman of strong courage, be it as thou wilt!" She was "taught of Our Lord," as St Teresa writes, and died in the odour of sanctity. She

founded only the Convent of Alcala de Henares, which, as we shall see later, was visited by St Teresa.

Her sister and brother-in-law had, in the meantime, returned to Alba ; but Don Juan de Ovalle came to see Teresa at Toledo, and, passing through Avila on his way home, fell ill of a fever and was obliged to stay at the house which was supposed to belong to him, but which was in reality to be the first convent of the Reform. The Saint obtained leave to take care of him there, and left Toledo in June or July 1562. Doña Guiomar had obtained the desired brief from Rome ; St Peter of Alcantara had won the consent of the Bishop of Avila ; and four postulants were ready to take the habit of the Reform—" four orphans, without dowry, but great servants of God," as Teresa herself tells us. Antonia de Henso was a penitent of St Peter of Alcantara's, with " the candour of a child, good judgment and solid piety," whom the foundress received with open arms. Maria de la Paz had been a servant in the house of Doña Guiomar, where her sweet humility had won all hearts. Ursula de Revilla, naturally fond of pleasure, and with a strong will, had been schooled by that holy and learned priest of Avila, Master Daza, in the practice of entire self-abnegation. Maria de Avila was sister to that good Don Julian, so devoted to the Reform, and for a long time chaplain of its first convent.

On the 24th of August 1562 these four received

the habit with the names of Antonia del Espiritu Santo, Maria de la Cruz, Ursula de los Santos and Maria de San José. "When everything was settled," writes the Saint, "Our Lord was pleased that some of us should take the habit on St Bartholomew's Day. The most Holy Sacrament began to dwell in the house at the same time. With full sanction and authority, then, our monastery of our most glorious father St Joseph was founded in the year 1562. . . . I felt as if I were in bliss, when I saw the most Holy Sacrament reserved. . . . It was also a great consolation to me that I had done what Our Lord had so often told me to do, and that one church more in this city had been dedicated to my glorious father St Joseph. . . . Three or four hours afterwards Satan returned to the spiritual fight against me, suggesting that perhaps I had done wrong, had failed in my obedience by acting without the Provincial's order . . . that the nuns might not be content to live in so strict a house, might not always be able to procure sufficient food. Had I not, perhaps, done a foolish thing? What business had I to meddle with it when I was already in a monastery? All Our Lord's words to me, all the counsels I had received on the matter, all the prayers which for two years had been almost uninterrupted, had faded as completely from my memory as if they had never existed. The only thing I was conscious of was my own opinion. Every virtue, even faith itself, was then suspended within me, so that I had no

strength to practise any one virtue, or to defend myself against so many blows."

Once more the Saint knelt in the little chapel, "to gaze on the tabernacle," as she tells us, "since to pray was impossible"; once more she received what she calls "a little ray of light," by which she recognised the author of her trouble. Then, turning to Our Lord, she promised to spare no pains to obtain from the Superiors of the Convent of the Incarnation explicit permission to shut herself up in the little house of St Joseph. She had scarcely made this promise when the devil took flight and her soul was filled with a joyous peace. She felt that Our Lord had allowed her to suffer this temptation in order that she might be the better able to help and console those among her sisters who might have to undergo similar trials. Her interior struggles were over, but the evil spirit, driven out of the convent, went raging through the city exciting all minds against the new foundation. "Had the entire city been in flames," writes an eye-witness, "people could not have run to extinguish them with greater haste." As to the sisters of the Incarnation, they were indignant beyond measure at what they considered to be an insult to themselves and a scandal to the world; so they took speedy and, as they thought, effective measures to put an end to the Reform.

The first simple meal in the little convent was over, and Teresa, worn out with fatigue and anxiety, had gone to take some rest, when a

letter was put into her hands. It came from the Prioress of the Incarnation, commanding her, in virtue of her vow of obedience, to return to that convent at once. She did not hesitate, for the order was explicit. Her heart, it is true, was pierced with sorrow at the thought of leaving her four poor novices alone at this critical moment, but she obeyed without delay. The foundation was Our Lord's own; she implored Him to take care of it, and entreated St Joseph to bring her back to his house. She placed Ursula of the Saints at the head of the little community, and calmly went back to her convent. She presented herself to the Prioress with so much humility and sweetness, so great calmness and simplicity, that her immediate Superior was softened and almost ready to let her go back at once to St Joseph's; but her case had to be laid before the Provincial, who was immediately asked to come to the convent.

In his presence Teresa remained, as she tells us, in contemplation of Our Lord before His judges, and, in imitation of her Divine Master, she held her peace. "I did not think," she writes, "that in what I had done I had committed any offence against His Majesty, or against my Order which, on the contrary, I was doing my best to exalt, and for which I was ready to lay down my life." Father Angelo rebuked her, but not with the severity which she expected, and the good nuns of the Incarnation desired. They expostulated with the Provincial on what seemed to them his over-

indulgence. They complained of the injury done to their convent, and that the would-be reformer was not nearly so virtuous as many of those upon whom she was bringing contempt for their relaxation of the primitive rule. They asked how she, who had not been the most exact in keeping their rule, would follow the one she had imposed on the new foundation. They suggested motives of vanity and love of novelty as being the real origin of her design, and they begged the Provincial to put an end to the scandal. Teresa kept silence, rejoicing at being able to imitate her Beloved, and caring so little for the accusations brought against her that she could have smiled; but acknowledging in her heart that she was truly the least in that house, and not wishing to pain the nuns whom she loved so dearly by her indifference, she assumed an air of the deepest concern at all they said.

At last the Provincial gave her an explicit order to account for her conduct. She did so, as we can well believe, with incomparable sweetness, mingled with that calm dignity which the knowledge that He for whom alone she had been toiling and suffering was at that moment beside her, could impart. She let them know the reasons why she had undertaken the Reform; why she had kept her plans hidden from them; how she had not taken a step without the guidance of saintly men and the authority of the Holy See; finally, how her supreme desire had been to secure the greater glory of God, through the

greater fervour of Carmel. As she proceeded, the hearts of her sisters were turned towards her, and inflamed with some degree of that heavenly fire which was consuming her own. Her burning words produced their accustomed effect, and when she concluded her explanation not one further complaint was made against her. Father Angelo conversed with her alone and for some length of time, and he was so entirely convinced that the Reform was the work of the Spirit of God, that he promised to allow her to return to St Joseph's as soon as he should consider it prudent for her to do so.

Meanwhile, to quote Father Coleridge's narrative of the event, "there was a storm outside as well as within the peaceful walls of the Convent of the Incarnation, a storm amid rougher minds and more undisciplined hearts, and before them at least St Teresa could not plead her own cause. The whole city was in an uproar. If the plague had broken out, or if a hostile army had appeared at the gates, there could scarcely have been more alarm. The open profession of the Evangelical Counsels is always a rebuke to the world and the flesh, and on this occasion the good people of Avila bore witness to this truth." A meeting of the chief citizens, with representatives of the religious orders, was convened, and the destruction of the new foundation seemed to be inevitable, when the voice of the holy and learned Dominican, Fra Domingo Bañez, was raised in protest. To him it seemed that passion and prejudice, not love

Philip II.

From the original portrait by Adrian Van der Werff.

of truth and justice and charity, had influenced the decision, and he brought forward arguments so weighty in favour of an adjournment that he succeeded at least in postponing the dispersion of the little community of St Joseph's. They remained in peace, therefore, under the direction of Master Gaspar, observing the primitive rule to the best of their ability. Finally the cause was decided in their favour by the Royal Council to which Teresa's friends had appealed. As future events will show, this will not be the only occasion on which Philip II. will prove himself the protector of those among his subjects aiming at the highest and the best.

The character of that monarch has suffered not a little misrepresentation at the hands of historians and biographers, Catholic as well as Protestant, Spanish as well as English and French. A Spaniard to the core in his haughty reserve and his rigorous adherence to the rules of Court etiquette, he was yet accessible to the lowliest petitioner among his subjects, averse to public display, and without other ambition than that of successfully defending the true Church of Christ against the inroads of Turks or Lutherans. Of a peaceful and sincerely pious disposition, he governed his kingdom (or rather he tried, but failed to govern it) according to the laws of the strictest justice. His greatest mistake was the striving to keep the administration of affairs entirely in his own hands. The confidence he should have placed in wiser and better men was, by a strange inconsistency not

unusual in rulers of a despotic temperament, given to one who was utterly unworthy. Antonio Perez, his secretary and chief adviser, proved himself the King's worst enemy, and it is to the base calumnies circulated by him in London and Paris, when he had been forced to flee from Spain, that much of the odium which gathered round the name of Philip may be attributed. Love of truth, as well as love of Teresa and her daughters, who owed him so much, urges us to vindicate his character. He is to be judged by the standards of his time, and, as Professor Poulet rightly remarks, "equitable justice requires the severity of our judgment to fall with a thousandfold heavier force on his opponents and enemies," so that, with another eminent writer, "we cast aside the silly and wicked tradition which, through centuries, has made into a bloodthirsty tyrant a king, who placed God's service in the foremost rank, and sacrificed to it his happiness and his peace," and we conclude that, notwithstanding his real faults, Philip II. embodied the genius of the Spanish race with all "its great qualities and undeniable defects."

The decision of the Royal Council secured the existence of the first convent of the Reform; by degrees all opposition ceased, and in March 1563 Teresa was permitted by the Provincial not only to return to St Joseph's, but to take with her three professed sisters and a novice from the Convent of the Incarnation. Greatly rejoicing, the Saint named one of them Prioress,

another Sub-prioress, and took her chosen place as a simple member of the new community. To this action, however, her sisters would not consent, and their appeal to the Bishop brought an order to Teresa, naming her Prioress of St Joseph's. This involved a formal transfer from the Convent of the Incarnation to that of the Reform, where the Saint took the habit of the Barefooted Carmelites, and was known not any longer as Teresa de Ahumada, but (how fitly !) as Teresa of Jesus.

CHAPTER X

THE SPIRIT OF TERESA'S DAUGHTERS

Of this first house of the Reform Julian de Avila wrote some forty years later: "There must surely have been some great secret hidden beneath this enterprise, or Satan would not have taken such immense pains to prevent God's Will from being carried out in its regard. Yes, indeed, there was in it a great design hidden from the eyes of the world. Let us unveil the mystery. God needed a little house purely for His own delectation; a dwelling in which He might always be consoled; a garden, not of earthly, but of heavenly, flowers. What king is there who has not some place of his own where he keeps whatever pleases him best, and to which he withdraws for rest and refreshment whenever he is worn out, or vexed in spirit? In His Divine Nature, indeed, Our Lord cannot experience either fatigue or annoyance; yet it has seemed good to Him to provide Himself, after our human fashion, with this little retreat, where He may find a refuge; this little cottage, where He may enjoy some peace; this pleasure-garden, in which He may take delight; these chosen souls, among whom He may rest, discovering to them His secrets, and, in their company, relieving His Sacred Heart."

It was from Teresa herself that Julian had learned the secret of the King's pleasure in St Joseph's little convent. It was the "Riconcito a Dios" ("the good God's dear little house of Retreat") where she and her daughters would live for the sole purpose of consoling His Heart, by their love and their devotedness to His cause. By prayer and penance they would pay the price for the further extension of His Kingdom. They would form a part of His reserve forces for the conquest of souls. "Our Lord has so few friends, so many enemies," she would say to her sisters, "at least let His friends be of the best." In order to enkindle their zeal, she would picture out in vivid colours the march of the battalions of heretics, schismatics, and sceptics among the hitherto Catholic nations. Had not the Lord need of the little garden of St Joseph's to soothe His anger, and of the tender affection of His spouses to move Him to forgive His enemies?

Her first act after her return was to pour out her soul in thanksgiving before the Blessed Sacrament. Then, after putting on the habit of the Reform, she distributed among the sisters the various offices and household duties, reserving to herself the lowest place. By the Bishop's order, as we have seen, she was reinstated without delay as Foundress and Prioress. In all simplicity she took up her rightful position, and in it began at once to practise that precept of the primitive rule, "Let her who is at the head look upon herself as the servant of all." She

literally spent herself in the service of her sisters. Their cells could be furnished only with the bare necessities, but she saw to it that the figure of Our Lord on the Cross, which adorned the whitewashed walls, was as devotional as possible. The little garden was made the most of, and, at the frugal repasts, the Saint encouraged her daughters to eat well of whatever was set before them. She would have the meals carefully prepared, and if, as not infrequently happened, there was a dearth of provisions, the weakest were to be served first. Then would a holy strife begin, each declaring herself less in need of food than her sisters, so that the slender provisions would remain untouched until the arrival of further alms.

In the beginning there were no lay sisters, and Teresa would gladly have been able always to dispense with their help, so convinced was she of the value of manual labour as conducive to health no less than to the practice of virtue. She herself was a model of joyous activity in every sort of menial work. Every Saturday she read out the list of offices for the week following—sacristan, portress, cook, and the rest. When her turn came to look after the kitchen, she set herself to think how she could make the vegetables, or fish, or eggs, more appetising than usual. Leaving the other nuns to prolong their thanksgiving after Holy Communion, she would go to the kitchen, which not infrequently became the scene of her supernatural favours. The meal would be delayed, and Teresa would

be found in an ecstasy, raised from the ground, but firmly holding over the fire the saucepan in which the food was being cooked. This food would surely be looked upon as heavenly, and be partaken of with great reverence and thanksgiving. Moreover, it was observed that, whenever it was the Saint's turn to take charge of the kitchen, the alms were particularly choice and abundant. She was not less fervent in the performance of other household duties. Realising that good order and cleanliness are the guardians of peace and health, she went about with brush or duster, as earnestly, and with as much devotion, as she went to choir. She reserved to herself the care of a corner in the garden where the refuse was thrown, and so thoroughly did she fulfil her task, that the sisters playfully accused her of vanity in its performance. Our Divine Lord, however, showed His pleasure in the pure love of abasement for His sake with which she had undertaken so lowly and distasteful an office, by changing the foul odours of the dust-heap into an agreeable perfume often perceived by the sisters.

In her cell the Saint was not less diligent, only ceasing to work when she went to pray. Her daughters were to imitate the Divine Workman of Nazareth, earning their bread by the sweat of their brow, and in this, as in all else, she set an inspiring example. So it came to pass, as the old chronicler relates, that " this little flock led by our Saint was a charming

sight. It was beautiful to see their diligence, their punctuality at the various exercises ; above all, in choir, whither they would hasten with great diligence, to bless and praise God with all their might. Their modest demeanour, their rapt attention, during the Divine Office, had something so angelic about it that they might easily have challenged comparison with the heavenly choirs." Teresa, herself, thus completes the picture : " Their sole preoccupation is to advance in God's service ; their greatest happiness to be alone with Him. Many among them, brought up in every comfort, and even luxury, would, according to the judgment of the world, have found great delights there. These are the most joyous among the religious. They have given up all earthly vanities for the love of God, and He bestows on them unspeakable happiness. They are so innocent, so detached from the things of this world, that my own joy in living among them is beyond description."

Their fervour, however, was never allowed to outstrip their prudence, though on self-indulgence in any form the Saint had no mercy. " Our first care," she would say, " must be to set ourselves free from a too great tenderness for the body. This task is difficult for those who naturally love their ease, and are at times as solicitous about their health as any women of the world could be. A curious struggle takes place within them. They seem almost to have come into the convent in order not to die, so

great are the pains they take to prolong their lives by every means within their reach. . . . Beware of this snare of the devil, who suggests that all this care is necessary, in order to be strong enough to keep the rule. What is the result? A nun may take so much care of her health in order to observe her rule, that she actually does not observe it for a single day."

The good sense and virile courage of the Saint are, perhaps, nowhere better shown than in this chapter of her *Way of Perfection*. There are some persons, she tells us, who pass from one extreme to another. For a few days they will take upon themselves works of supererogation and extraordinary penances, without any discretion; then they will be afraid to perform even the works and penances enjoined by the rule, lest they should injure their health: "They do not even keep silence, which certainly could not harm them. If their head aches they do not go to choir, which could not kill them either. They stay away one day because their head aches, another because it was aching yesterday, and three more lest it should ache again. After this, they are fain to perform certain penances of their own invention, which might indeed incapacitate them for the fulfilment of their actual obligations. It seems to me, sisters," she continues, "an imperfection to be always complaining of slight ailments; if you can bear them in silence, do so. If, however, you are really ill, say so, and take proper remedies. If you are not guided by self-love, any bodily

refreshment will be so distasteful to you that you are not likely to ask for it without necessity. When the need really exists, it is a graver fault not to mention it than to complain without sufficient reason."

By such counsels as these the Saint encouraged her daughters to take up cheerfully the burden of each day, but she also knew how to lighten that burden by taking every opportunity of brightening their lives and lifting up their hearts. Every recreation-time had its note of joy ; every feast-day its special song of gladness. At the Epiphany the Saint sings her carol, *Pues que la estrella* :—

"Since now the star above
The crib doth shine,
Prithee wend with the Kings
Good flock of mine!

. . . . . .

Gifts let us bring to Him
Of costly store,
Whom the Kings fervently
Seek to adore.
Lo, our great Shepherdess
With joy doth shine!
Prithee wend with the Kings
O flock of mine!"

At the Feast of the Holy Cross she sings her *Processional*, telling her sisters :—

"'Twas of the Cross the Bride declared
To her Belovèd
That it was like the stately palm
Which she had mounted.
The very God of Heaven, Himself,
Its fruit hath tasted,
And by the Cross alone we wend our way
And march to Heaven.

'Tis like a tree of leafy green—
The Bride's delection,
Who sat her down to rest herself
Beneath its shadow,
That she might joy in her Beloved,
The King of Glory."

So she praises the Cross in lines sublimely simple, urging her daughters to take it up with joy :—

"Then let us journey on to Paradise
Ye Nuns of Carmel ;
Let us with eagerness embrace the Cross
And follow Jesus."

And so well did they enter into her sentiments that Isabel of Jesus could sing :—

"O Thou all good and sweet,
Jesus of Nazareth,
Let me but look on Thee,
Then send me death."

It was this song, sung at recreation one day by the young novice, which sent Teresa into an ecstasy in presence of all the sisters, on coming out of which she wrote the most famous of all her poems, *Vivo sin vivir en mi*, familiar to many lovers of the Saint as "The Gloss of St Teresa." An excellent translation is to be found in the *Minor Works of St Teresa*, by the Benedictines of Stanbrook (published in 1913), from which the extracts given above have been taken.

All this making of verses and singing them at recreation was but a means to the end—the kindling and the keeping alive of an ardent zeal for God's greater glory and the good of souls,

which the burning words of the Saint were for ever inspiring. "O sisters!" she would say, "help me to pray for all these sinners in danger of losing their souls. Our Lord has brought you together for this. This is your vocation; this is your business; to this end all your longings should be directed; for this should your tears flow and your prayers and penances be multiplied. . . . What! The world is ablaze! Wretched heretics do their utmost to condemn Our Lord a second time, bringing false witnesses against Him, striving with might and main to overthrow His Church, and we waste our time praying for trifles!"

So penetrated was the Saint with these thoughts that she never ceased impressing them upon her daughters. In the opening chapters of her *Way of Perfection* she expands and illustrates them in a manner which recalls to our minds the chivalry of St Ignatius and his "free lances." She pictures out the Prince, with a handful of picked troops against an almost irresistible force. If there are no traitors in the camp, victory is certain. Famine alone can force them to surrender. It is for her daughters so to live and so to pray for the Captains (the preachers and theologians) that they may be true to their high calling, and be able to live in the world, not as men, but as angels. "Do not imagine it to be of no use to go on praying for these intentions: there are some who find it hard not to occupy themselves more with their own souls in time of prayer. But what better

prayer could they make than this? Some may be troubled by the thought that it will not free them from the pains of Purgatory; but this prayer will cancel part of their debt, and if part remains to be paid, let us not mind that. What does it matter if I have to stay in Purgatory till the Day of Judgment, if only by my prayers I can save a single soul?"

CHAPTER XI

SCATTERING THE SEED: MEDINA DEL CAMPO AND MALAGON

From 1563 to 1566 Teresa remained at St Joseph's, filling the office of Prioress, revising the story of her life, first written at Toledo, and composing for her spiritual daughters *The Way of Perfection*. She was at this time about fifty years of age. For more than ten years she herself had been walking steadfastly along that way, and had finally been allowed by Father Balthasar Alvarez, some five years back, to make the heroic vow always to choose the most perfect. She was on fire with zeal for souls, and constantly urged her sisters so to live as to obtain from God the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth. In this apostolate of prayer and penance at St Joseph's, she thought to spend the rest of her days. Our Lord had other plans for her to carry out. She was on the threshold of what may be called her public life—a quarter of a century or more, to be spent in toilsome journeys, negotiations, disappointments, struggles, and bitter persecutions, all borne with unflinching courage in the cause of the Reform. Some idea of her missionary labours may be gathered from her delightful *Book of the Founda-*

tions, from her letters and those of her contemporaries ; but the story, in all its wealth of love and suffering, can never be told upon earth.

In the spring of 1567 the General of the Carmelites, Father John Baptist de Rossi, came to Spain at the request of Philip II. to visit the houses of his Order, and Teresa was not without some apprehension lest he should oblige her to return to the Convent of the Incarnation. Her little convent, indeed, was exempt by Papal brief from his jurisdiction ; she might have obtained from her Ecclesiastical Superior, the Bishop of Avila, a formal prohibition against any visitation but his own ; but her spirit of sincere humility and cordial charity led her rather to exercise her tact in securing an order from the Bishop that the Carmelite General should be received at St Joseph's with the honours and privileges due, strictly speaking, only to the Bishop himself. Father de Rossi came and saw, and was conquered. The eminent wisdom and gracious personality of the Saint, the wonderful fervour and joy of her little family, the testimony to their holiness and zeal abounding on all sides, made him long to have the Reform under his own immediate jurisdiction. A flaw in the Papal brief afforded him sufficient excuse for pressing his claim ; but Teresa's virtue and good sense and exquisite tact once more came to the rescue. She managed to bring about mutual concessions which, while securing the convents of the Reform from change of government, enabled

her to remain personally subject to both the General and the Bishop.

Before quitting Avila the General gave the Foundress letters-patent, authorising her to establish convents of the Reform throughout Castile, without any further permission than that of the Bishop of each diocese, and inflicting severe censures on any Provincial who should put obstacles in her way. At Madrid, Father de Rossi gave the King a glowing account of the fervour of Teresa and her daughters in the primitive observance, of the supernatural gifts of the Saint, and the blessings which the Reform would draw down upon the Church. Philip's ardent piety was deeply touched. He earnestly besought the General to commend to the prayers of the nuns his family and his kingdom, and from that hour became the protector of the Reform. Father de Rossi made known his request to the Saint, who replied that, provided she obtained permission to extend the Reform to the friars, the prayers of the Barefooted Carmelites would never be wanting either to himself or to the King. The permission was granted, and then, as Teresa tells us, she saw herself, " A poor barefooted religious with plenty of good desires and letters-patent, but without a single coin towards the expenses of new foundations, and with no helper to look to but God." She had unbounded confidence in His help, however, and that was enough to urge her at once to set to work.

Not far from Avila, in the midst of fertile

fields, stood Medina del Campo, with many wealthy inhabitants, and a Jesuit College, whose Rector, Teresa's old friend, Father Balthasar Alvarez, had just been named Provincial. When he learned that she had power to extend her Reform, he cordially invited her to come to Medina, where she would find the Fathers of the Society devoted to her cause. The Chaplain of St Joseph's, Father Julian of Avila, undertook the negotiations, and, thanks to the influence of the Jesuit Fathers, the initial difficulties of the foundation were overcome. The Prior of the Carmelites in Medina, Father Antonio de Heredia, was asked to secure a house. He obtained one in a good situation, but in so ruinous a condition as almost to need rebuilding ; so a second house was rented for the nuns, until their convent could be made habitable. Then Teresa made choice of the sisters for the foundation : two from St Joseph's—her niece, Mary Baptist, and the Sub-prioress, Mary of the Angels ; four from the Convent of the Incarnation—her young cousins, Inez and Anne de Tapia, who came to St Joseph's to put on the habit of the Reform, and to take the names of Inez of Jesus and Anne of the Incarnation, and two others.

They set out for Medina on 13th August 1567, for they hoped to have the first Mass said there on the Feast of the Assumption of Our Blessed Lady. One night had to be passed on the road, and Teresa had sent word to a priest of the town to find them a lodging. He did so, but he had

also the disappointing message for them that they would not be able to enter the house in Medina which had been rented. It was close to a monastery of Augustinian Friars, and could not be used as a convent without their consent. This they had refused, so that the owner of the house begged to be released from his promise of letting it to the nuns. What was to be done? To return to Avila was out of the question; to celebrate Our Lady's Assumption outside their convent was not to be thought of either. As was usual, Teresa's courage rose with every fresh difficulty, and on learning that Fra Domingo Bañez was in the neighbourhood, she was filled with hope that he would in some way come to her assistance. She sent for him, therefore, and he strengthened her in her resolve not to go back to Avila.

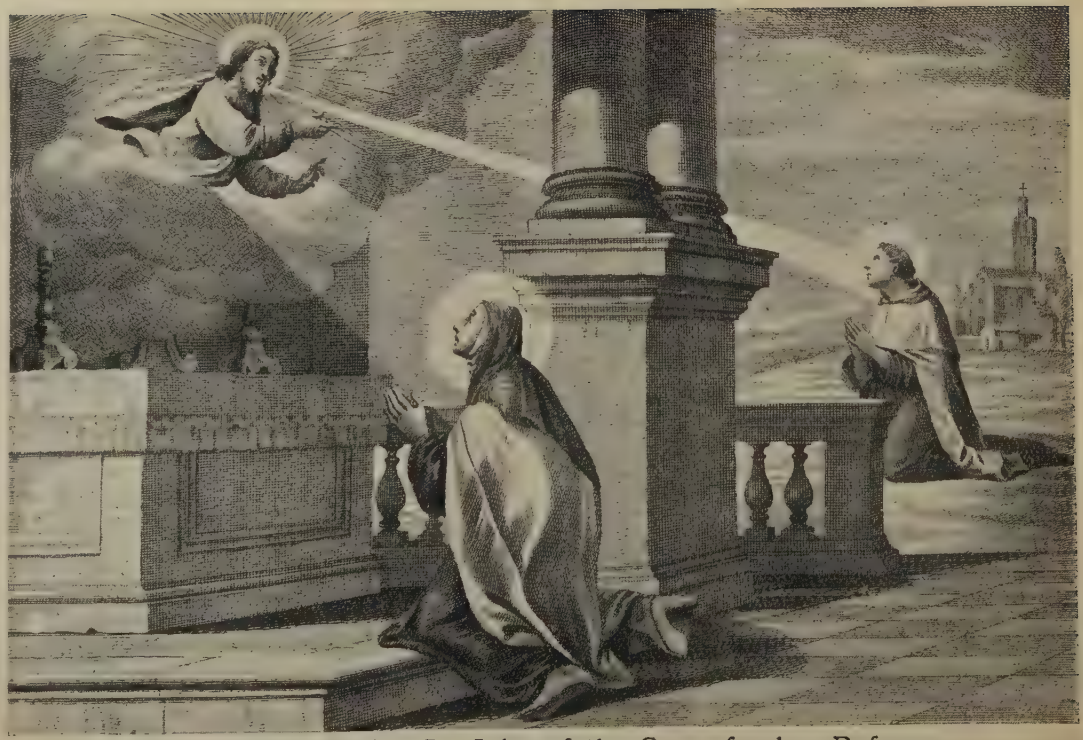
On the following morning came Prior Antonio, urging the Saint to go straight to the ruined house he had purchased, where, he said, they could make some rooms habitable, and where there was a vestibule which might easily be transformed into a little chapel by hanging up some tapestry to cover the dilapidated walls. Teresa followed his advice, sending the four nuns from the Incarnation to wait a few days at Villa Nueva Azerale, and taking with her only Mary Baptist and Anne of the Angels. They passed through Olmedo, where the Bishop of Avila showed them marked attention, sending them on to Medina in one of his own carriages. It was midnight when they reached the city, through

whose streets they passed on foot, so as not to attract attention by the noise of carriage wheels. They found the house far more dilapidated than they had expected, but they set to work at once, the nuns to clean the floor of the little porch, the priests to hang the pieces of tapestry and damask. By daybreak the altar was ready, a little bell found hanging in a corridor was rung, and people began to flock towards the new convent chapel. The nuns heard Mass through the chinks of a door opposite the sanctuary, and Teresa felt a thrill of joy at seeing the Blessed Sacrament reserved in one more tabernacle. But her joy was short-lived, for with increasing daylight she perceived that the walls were in so ruinous a state that the Blessed Sacrament was not safe within them.

It was impossible to find another house ; no one seems to have thought of the Blessed Sacrament's being removed to some church ; but Teresa procured a guard to watch day and night before the little altar, and fearing lest the men should fall asleep, she herself kept watch from a little window. So passed several anxious days and nights when, on the Octave of the Assumption, relief came in the form of an offer made by a merchant of the city to give up part of his house to the nuns, where they might live in complete seclusion until their convent was ready. The Blessed Sacrament was placed in a large room, handsomely decorated to serve as a chapel, and the nuns began to recite the Divine Office there. Alms were poured in upon them ;

a rich widow, Doña Helena de Quiroga, who lived near the ruined house they had purchased, undertook the building of a chapel, and the repairing and rearranging of the rooms needed for a convent of strict enclosure. In a couple of months the work was done ; the new Carmel was established, and opened its doors to many postulants of great virtue. Among them was Doña Geronima de Quiroga, whose mother, Doña Helena, followed her as soon as she had completed the necessary arrangements for the administration of her property and the education of her younger children.

To see the spirit of the Reform so firmly established at Medina del Campo gave Teresa great joy ; greater joy still was to come to her there. Her mind had been filled during the last few weeks with the desire to avail herself, as promptly as possible, of the permission she had received from the General to found two monasteries for Carmelite Friars of the Reform. The good Father Antonio de Heredia had proved himself so devoted a friend that she resolved to consult him, little dreaming that he would thereupon offer himself as her first foundation-stone. At first she refused to believe that the Prior was in earnest, but when he assured her that he had long been drawn to embrace a life of stricter observance, and had already been accepted by the Carthusians, she recognised the Finger of God in the affair, and advised him to begin at once to observe the primitive rule in his own monastery, where he was to remain until Provi-



St. Teresa obtains St. John of the Cross for her Reform.

dence should further disclose its plans with regard to the friars.

Shortly afterwards there came to Medina a young Carmelite friar who was then following the course in theology at the University of Salamanca. He was evidently filled by the spirit of recollection and penance, and, like Father Antonio, desired to embrace the severe rule of the Carthusians. Teresa, supernaturally enlightened as to his vocation, suggested that he should join her Reform. He consented, and the Saint was filled with consolation at the thought that the first monastery of the friars was to possess so great a treasure. Later on she wrote concerning him to Don Francis de Salcedo : " He is little in body, but, to my mind, great in the eyes of God. We shall miss him very much here, for he is wise, and has all the qualities required by our way of life. Though he is still quite young, every one has some good to say of him, and he has constantly practised the most rigorous penance. It is clear that God leads him by the hand, for in spite of the trying circumstances in which he has been placed, and the tests to which I myself have put his virtue, no one has perceived the slightest imperfection in his conduct. He has a brave heart, and great gifts of soul, of which in truth he has need, in order to embrace so boldly this new way of life." The Saint concludes her letter by urging Don Francis to help her new recruit (who was no other than the celebrated Father John of the Cross) to carry out his arduous undertaking.

Meanwhile Teresa had received from the Bishop of Avila's brother, Don Bernardino de Mendoza, the offer of a house, garden, and vineyard outside the city of Valladolid; and had also been requested by Doña Eleanora de Mascareñas to visit the Convent of Barefooted Carmelites, founded at Alcala de Henares by Maria of Jesus, who, it will be remembered, had conferred with the Saint at Toledo, and who now greatly desired her counsel. The good Prioress was sinking beneath the double weight of her own excessive austerities and the anxieties of her office, and it was hoped that Teresa's presence might bring comfort and courage to her and her community. A third request came from Doña Luisa de la Cerda that a convent of the Reform might be founded on her estate at Malagon in New Castile.

Teresa determined to make the foundation at Malagon before that of Valladolid, and to call at Alcala on her way. She was thus obliged to pass through Madrid whither Doña Maria de Mendoza insisted on conducting her in her own carriage. Doña Eleanora de Mascareñas was there to receive her, and kept her with her for some days. Many fine ladies of the Spanish capital came to visit her in Doña Eleanora's house; some, doubtless, from a spirit of sincere piety; others out of mere curiosity, hoping to witness perhaps a miracle, a rapture. Teresa received all with equal courtesy, but she was both too holy and too clever to play into their hands. Instead, therefore, of conversing with

them of the Divine fire which burned in her heart, or of the zeal for souls which had urged her to leave for a time the dear and sacred cloister, she only spoke of what she had seen on her journey, of the splendid streets through which she had passed, and of the kindness of her friends. Her visitors were disappointed ; in some cases annoyed ; and they left her in peace, saying among themselves, " She may be a good, simple nun, but she is no Saint." The Poor Clares of Madrid showed greater discernment. Their Prioress, sister to St Francis Borgia, and their Foundress, sister to Philip II., were alike edified and charmed by her, and could not sufficiently praise her. " Blessed be God ! " said the Prioress, " for letting us see so great a Saint ! She eats, sleeps, talks, behaves like every one else, and for all that, she is a Saint. Her spirit is indeed that of Our Lord—humble, simple, sincere. She is in our midst, just as He was among men, causing no trouble, but bringing consolation to every heart."

On reaching Alcala, Teresa was received by Maria of Jesus and her sisters as an angel from Heaven. She spent nearly three months among them, consoling, encouraging, advising, and explaining the true spirit of Carmel—a spirit of joyous self-sacrifice springing from the pure love of God. At the request of the Prioress each sister had a private interview with the Saint, who gave to each the direction suited to her character and her grace. She left all the nuns full of peace and gratitude, and went on to

Toledo, to treat with the Duchess de la Cerda concerning her foundation at Malagon. St Peter of Alcantara had advised her not to receive endowments for her convents; but in that poor little town it would have been rash in the extreme to have relied on receiving sufficient alms to support the nuns. Teresa had, therefore, decided to avail herself of the Decree of the Council of Trent, approving of fixed revenues for convents, and to accept the endowment offered by the Duchess. Matters having been arranged, she went back to Medina, appointed a Prioress there, and summoned from Avila the nuns chosen for this third foundation. She returned with six companions, who remained with her at the house of the Duchess, until their convent was ready.

On Palm Sunday 1568, the inhabitants of the little town went in procession to escort the nuns to their convent. The Carmelites walked with their veils down, and wearing their white mantles, to the principal church, where a sermon was preached, and whence the Blessed Sacrament was carried with great ceremony to the new convent. There Teresa stayed for nearly two months, during which she had the happiness of hearing Our Lord say, "I shall be very faithfully served in this house."

CHAPTER XII

VALLADOLID, DURVELO, TOLEDO, AND PASTRANA

REFERENCE was made in the previous chapter to the offer of a house with garden and vineyard near Valladolid, by Don Bernardino de Mendoza, for the purpose of founding a convent of the Reform. While Teresa was occupied with the foundation at Malagon, this young nobleman died almost suddenly, having lost the power of speech before the Last Sacraments could be administered. He had, however, given ample proof by many signs of his sorrow and desire for pardon, and Our Lord had revealed to the Saint that he had been in great danger as to his soul, but was saved on account of the intercession of Mary, to whom he was specially devout, and in whose honour he had given the house and land for a convent. Our Lord had also made known that the soul of Don Bernardino would not be released from Purgatory until the first Mass should have been said in the new Carmel. Teresa at once began her preparations for this foundation; but she was delayed by urgent business, first at Avila, then at Medina del Campo. While she was at Medina Our Lord again spoke to her in prayer, urging her to hasten on the new foundation, because the soul in

Purgatory was suffering greatly. From that moment she made no further delay, but pressed on to Valladolid, where she arrived on 10th August 1568. She hastened to inspect her new property, and though she found the garden beautiful, she was greatly disappointed in the house, which stood in an unhealthy spot close to the river, and seemed quite unsuitable as a cloister. She put a brave face on the matter, as was her custom, and sending for workmen, had some partitions put up to make cells for the nuns, while the hall was arranged as a chapel. The following Sunday was the Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady, and although permission for the foundation of the convent had not yet been granted, leave was given for Mass to be said there on that day. At the moment of Communion, St Teresa beheld the soul of Don Bernardino by the side of the priest. He appeared to be in great joy and glory, and with clasped hands thanked her for all she had undergone to procure his release from Purgatory. He then ascended to Heaven, leaving her full of consolation, as she tells us, at the thought that a service rendered to the Blessed Virgin, whatever it may be, is of such great value, and so magnificently rewarded by her Divine Son.

The next foundation undertaken by the Saint was that of Durvelo, the first monastery for friars of the Reform. Some months previously, while she was at Avila, a house had been offered her in this poor hamlet, and though Teresa could easily imagine how wretched a place it would

be, she received the offer graciously, and promised to look at the house on her way to Valladolid. She had found it even more wretched than she had expected, so that instead of sleeping there, as she had intended, she and her companions spent the night in the neighbouring church, although, as she observes, their fatigue was so great that they needed a long rest rather than a long vigil. She had, however, made up her mind that a beginning might be made by the friars in that place, in spite of the opinion of Antonio of the Holy Ghost, who, though spoken of by the Saint as "in love with mortification," begged her not to think of founding a monastery there, saying, "Indeed, Mother, no one, however spiritual, could endure this." The whole building consisted of a tolerable porch, a room, a garret, and a little kitchen. The porch, Teresa decided, might serve as church, the garret as choir, the room as dormitory!

Arrived at Medina del Campo, the Saint at once sent for Fra Antonio de Heredia, and described the place to him in all its poverty, asking him whether he would have sufficient courage to make a trial of it. She felt sure Our Lord would soon find the friars a better dwelling, and, moreover, she thought that the surest way to obtain permission for the foundation from the Provincials was to let it be seen that there was no prospect of a fine monastery which could compare with those of the Mitigation. Fra Antonio was not only willing to begin, but over-

joyed at the thought, and he undertook to gather together what was most necessary for the monastery. Teresa then pursued her journey to Valladolid, taking with her Fra John of the Cross, so that she might make him fully acquainted with the spirit and practice of the Reform. She had a good opportunity of doing this during the first days of the foundation of Valladolid, for the nuns were unable to keep enclosure until their convent was ready, and the young friar became thoroughly well acquainted with their way of life according to the primitive rule—the mortifications they practised, the cordial charity which bound them to each other, the means afforded by the times of recreation, both for the exercise of fraternal correction and the relaxation of mind necessary in order to keep the rule in its full strictness. St Teresa observes that his virtue was so great that she might have learned much from him at this time; but adds that she did not then think of doing so, being entirely occupied with making known to him the sisters' manner of life.

Divine Providence had so arranged matters that the Provincial, Fra Alonzo Gonzalez, was then at Valladolid. He was, as Teresa tells us, "an old man of a very kindly disposition, without guile, but with his mind not as yet quite made up as regarded the new foundation." The Saint spared neither argument nor entreaty to urge him to consent to it, and the opportune arrival of Doña Maria de Mendoza with her

brother, the Bishop of Avila, put an end to his hesitation. These two good friends of the Reform also obtained the necessary consent of the late Provincial, Fra Angelo de Salazar, which Teresa had entertained but slight expectation of securing so soon. Filled with wonder and gratitude, she at once set about the foundation, summoning Prior Antonio to Valladolid, and sending the young Friar John of the Cross to Durvelo to put the house in order. He took with him the habit of the Reform, fashioned by the Saint, and appeared the day following his arrival in the little hamlet, clad in the coarse serge and white mantle of the Barefooted Friars. The villagers, who at first regarded him with a sort of wondering pity, were soon captivated by his simple, joyous ways and spiritual discourse, so that the little hermitage became a place of pilgrimage for all the neighbouring hamlets.

As to Fra Antonio, he brought to Valladolid the alms he had received towards the furnishing of the new monastery, consisting chiefly of five hour-glasses, the sight of which made Teresa laugh heartily. The good Prior explained that he had thought these of the first importance, in order that the new community might be most punctual in all the exercises of the primitive observance. He does not seem to have considered it of any importance to provide beds for them to sleep upon. The nuns did all they could to help, but it was some weeks before the bare necessaries could be gathered together. At last, on 27th November 1568, Fra Antonio reached

Durvelo ; on the following day, the First Sunday of Advent, Mass was said in the little monastery, and the friars of the Reform began their new life. They were inundated with spiritual joy, referring to which St Teresa writes : " Far from being incommoded by the extreme poverty of their dwelling, John of the Cross and Antonio of Jesus thought it a paradise of delights. . . . The less the ease of the body, the greater the interior spirit and even joy of the soul. Of what advantage are these fine buildings to us, since we have only the use of a cell ? And what does it matter whether or not that cell be spacious and beautiful, since we have not to spend our time in gazing on its walls ? "

About three months later, on her way to Toledo, St Teresa passed by Durvelo, and saw Prior Antonio sweeping the entrance to the little church, his countenance full of joy as usual. " How is this, Father ? " she said to him. " What has become of our dignity ? " He replied that he execrated the time in which he had considered his dignity as of any account, and the Saint, entering the little church with her companions, two merchants who were escorting her from Medina to Toledo, was filled with admiration at the signs of poverty and devotion which she found. Her companions were moved to tears at beholding a manner of life so truly Christlike. The friars said the Divine Office in the garret which they had transformed into a choir, with two tiny cells opening into it, where they remained after Matins until Prime, sitting

or lying on the straw, with stones for pillows, and their heads almost touching the low roof. They spent almost the whole day in preaching and hearing confessions, returning to the monastery at nightfall, when they took their frugal repast. St Teresa, fearing lest excessive labour and fasting should ruin the work so well begun, begged them to moderate their austerities. They paid little or no attention to her remonstrances, however, but went on their way of penance, with that perfect love which casts out all fear. The Saint took leave of them with a heart full of glad thanksgiving and a holy emulation. She considered the foundation of this little monastery a far greater favour from God than had been that of her convents for women, and felt herself incapable of praising and serving her adorable Master as she wished, and as He so richly deserved. In this spirit she went bravely forward to her next foundation.

Toledo was the capital of New Castile, and the palace of the Duchess de la Cerda was Teresa's usual place of residence when in the neighbourhood of that city. This circumstance, which was always a source of consolation and blessing to her household, was perhaps the reason why that lady, Foundress of the Carmel at Malagon, did not also found that of Toledo. It was founded by a rich merchant of the city, Martin Ramirez, whose director, Father Paul Hermandez, of the Society of Christ, had been Teresa's confessor when she was last at Toledo. At his suggestion Martin Ramirez made provision

by will for the foundation, dying shortly afterwards, towards the close of the year 1568. Father Paul and Martin's brother, Alonzo, in whose hands the execution of the will had been placed, urged the Saint to come to Toledo without delay. She began at once to take the steps necessary to the foundation, but did not reach Toledo till the Eve of the Annunciation, 24th March 1569. She stayed for a time in the palace of Doña Luisa, living with her sisters in a separate apartment, observing the rule as closely as possible, until the new convent should be ready to receive them.

One by one the various obstacles were surmounted. In a personal interview with the Administrator of the diocese, the Saint obtained leave to proceed with the work, and her wealthy friends searched the city for a suitable house. No such house was to be found, until a poor young man who had been sent by a zealous Franciscan friar to offer his services to Teresa was asked by her to find a house. He seemed to think there would be no difficulty in so doing, and he actually brought to the Carmelites on the following day the keys of a house which they might immediately occupy, and which was quite good enough for a beginning. They had no furniture but two straw mattresses, a coverlet, and a couple of pictures for the chapel. They began, however, to set the house in order, and Mass was said on the following day, 14th May. Their poverty on that day reached the limit of utter destitution, for the Saint says that they

St. Teresa teaching her Rule to St. John of the Cross.

had not so much wood as was needed to cook a sardine. It was so very cold at night that, in spite of the fact that the nuns, without her knowledge, spread all their cloaks over her, she thought the weather bitter. However, some charitable person left a faggot of wood in the church, and when their wants became known, alms were showered upon them. The sufferings of those early days at Toledo were soon but a story of the past, an experience which had tested and deepened the sisters' love of actual poverty—"The privation of all things begetting," as the Saint puts it, "a tranquillity in the soul which seems to need nothing."

It was nearly a year before the foundation at Toledo was completed. By that time the community had been installed in one of the finest houses in the city, and were so fervent that in the *Book of the Foundations* an entire chapter is devoted to their praise. Among them entered Doña Anne de la Palma, a rich widow, who had lost her husband when only twenty years of age. Her whole life had been given to prayer and good works, but her health was such as to make the life of a Barefooted Carmelite seem impossible. She begged for a trial, however, and her prayer was granted. She insisted on bestowing all her property upon the convent before she entered, and when St Teresa objected, telling her she must not count on being certainly admitted to profession, the heroic lady replied that, in case of her dismissal, she should ask alms for the love of God. So generous an

oblation merited but one response on the part of Our Lord. As Anne of the Mother of God, the postulant became a model Carmelite, practising the rule in all its primitive strictness without any detriment to her health; on the contrary, she became stronger than ever before.

The Saint remained at Toledo during the intervals of the next two or three foundations, appointing as Prioress Mother Anne of the Angels, and setting the example of perfect submission to her orders. By these she was obliged to bear the burden of all the arrangements that had to be made for the temporal good of the convent, and to instruct the young sisters in the true spirit of Carmel. She was looking forward to a period of rest and joy in this happy home when, on the Eve of Pentecost 1569, a messenger arrived from the Princess de Eboli, begging her to go at once to Pastrana to found the convent which she had agreed with the Princess to establish there. Teresa felt that she could not as yet leave the infant community of Toledo, and resolved to send back a message to that effect, but when she went, as was her custom, to lay her resolution before Our Lord for His approval, He said to her, "Do not put off your journey to Pastrana—there is question of more than a convent for nuns; take with you the Rule and Constitutions." The Saint's confessor confirmed Our Lord's advice, and she set out for Pastrana the next day.

On her way she passed through Madrid, staying at the Franciscan convent founded by

her friend, Doña Eleanora de Mascareñas. This lady, on meeting her, told her of a hermit in the neighbourhood who greatly desired to converse with her. He was an Italian of noble birth and eminent learning, who had filled many important diplomatic posts, and had entered the Order of St John of Jerusalem. While in Spain, where he had been entrusted with the care of the young Prince de Salmona, he had made the Spiritual Exercises of St Ignatius, and would have joined the Society but for his attraction towards the recital of the Divine Office in choir. For the last eight years he had been living after the manner of the Fathers of the Desert, in a wild solitude near Seville. The Council of Trent had issued a Decree requiring all hermits to join some religious order, and he was about to seek a dispensation from the Pope for himself and his companions. Teresa at once recognised the action of Divine Providence in her journey to Pastrana. She felt that this hermit was to be the third friar of her Reform ; and so it came to pass. The Saint showed him the primitive rule of Carmel, and, after passing the night in prayer, he determined to adopt it and to found a monastery of barefooted friars, on a site which had been given to him by the Prince of Eboli, who was also Duke of Pastrana. There he took the habit of a lay-brother, but was afterwards ordained priest by a special order of the General, and became the well-known Father Mariano of St Benedict.

When both friars and nuns were settled at

Pastrana, Teresa went back to Toledo, and in a letter written from that convent to her brother, Don Lorenzo de Cepeda, at Quito, we find an allusion to the consolation she had received from her various foundations.

"JESUS.

"May the Holy Spirit be ever with you, my dear brother. Amen.

"I have sent you by different ways four letters, in three of which there was an enclosure for Don Jerome de Cepeda, and as it is impossible but that one at least of these letters should have reached you, I shall not here repeat my answer to what you have said in your last. As to the good resolution with which Our Lord has inspired you, I shall only say that I thank Him for it from my heart. Your determination to return home seems to me very wise, for I read between the lines of your letter that there are reasons for doing so, besides those you mention. May it be for the good of your soul and God's greater glory! We are all praying that God may bring you back safely to your native land, since you are resolved to devote yourself to His service, and that He may guide you in undertaking what will be most for the good of your children and your own soul.

"I have already told you that we have founded six convents for nuns and two for friars, also discalced, of our order. These go on with great perfection; and as for those of the nuns, they are so like that of St Joseph at Avila, that

they all seem to be one and the same house. It encourages me greatly to see with what fervour and purity of soul God is served in them."

The Saint then speaks of the excellent health she enjoys at Toledo, but does not advise him to settle there, as there are not the same advantages for the education of youth as at Avila, where, too, the citizens are remarkable for their piety. She looks forward affectionately to his home-coming, saying: "In very truth, it will be an immense consolation to have you here. I get so little from earthly things, that perhaps it is Our Lord's Will to give me this one, and to bring us together, in order that we may work for His honour and glory and the good of souls."

A few years after receiving this letter Don Lorenzo returned to Spain and settled near Avila, placing himself under the spiritual direction of his saintly sister, and becoming a great benefactor to the convents of the Reform, especially to that of Seville.

CHAPTER XIII

SALAMANCA AND ALBA DE TORMEO

FROM Toledo the Saint went to visit her other convents, and then returned to Avila, where Mother Mary of St Jerome had three novices to present to her. One of them was Anne of Jesus, whom Teresa knew by inspiration to be her "Co-foundress rather than her subject." Born at Medina del Campo, Anne de Lobera was about twelve years of age when the Carmelite convent was founded there. Her parents were dead, but her maternal grandmother, who loved her dearly, was already occupied with plans for her betrothal. Beautiful and well-dowered, pious and discreet, as Anne was known to be, there was no lack of suitors for her hand; but at ten years of age she had made a vow of chastity. When she was told that, since she was but a minor, her vow could be cancelled by her guardians, she had announced her intention of renewing it every day until she came of age. She had managed to escape from her suitors at Medina, only to find others at Plaisentia, where her father's relatives had gladly welcomed her. To put an end to all pretensions to her hand, she cut off her hair, put on a coarse black gown and a white linen coif, and placed herself under

the direction of Father Pedro Rodriguez of the Society of Jesus, who led her to the Reform, to be, as we have said, Co-foundress with St Teresa.

Towards the end of October 1570 the Saint set out for Salamanca, where she had been asked to make a foundation, by the Rector of the Jesuit College in that city of learning and piety, whose University dated, like those of Paris, Oxford, and Bologna, from the glorious thirteenth century, and whose school of theology rivalled the Sorbonne. This was no small recommendation to the Saint, who always wished her daughters to be within reach of wise directors; and who also hoped that the foundation of her convent would prove a preliminary step to the opening of a College attached to the University, for the young friars of her Reform. Ten years later this second object was to be attained, and now the convent was to be founded, though at the cost of much suffering, both to the Foundress and her daughters.

She took with her at first only one companion, for Medina del Campo had taught her a lesson not easily forgotten. Sister Mary of the Blessed Sacrament was no longer young, and had never been very strong, so the burden fell almost entirely on the Saint, who became seriously ill through the cold and fatigue and anxieties of the journey. The night before the Vigil of All Saints was spent for the most part on the road, and it was midday when the city was reached. Then it was found that the house rented for the

Carmelites by a merchant of Salamanca was still occupied by a number of students. Darkness was closing in before they could be got away, and when the Saint and her companion at last entered the house, they had to spend the rest of the night cleaning it, and preparing an altar for the celebration of Mass on All Saints' Day. The Rector of the Jesuits provided what was necessary for this, and the foundation was made, though as yet there was in the house neither furniture nor community.

That night Teresa was weary indeed, and lay down beside her companion on some straw. The good sister was too anxious to rest quietly, and when the Saint asked her why she did not go to sleep, replied: "Mother, I am thinking what you would do alone, if I were to die!" The morrow was All Souls' Day, and the bells were already tolling. For a moment, Teresa tells us, her heart beat with apprehension; but her faith and her good common sense came quickly to her aid. "Sister," she said simply, "when that happens I shall consider what is to be done. Now let us go to sleep." Worn out as they both were, this was not difficult, and the arrival of the community on the following day put an end to Sister Mary of the Blessed Sacrament's apprehensions.

It was a chosen band that came to that great, cold, empty house at Salamanca, to pray and suffer, without the one compensation they hoped for, since it was not possible to think of reserving the Blessed Sacrament under such

conditions. There was Anne of the Incarnation (de Tapia), the valiant Prioress ; and there was Anne of Jesus, the novice already so far advanced on the way of perfection. These came from Medina del Campo and Avila respectively ; to them were joined four others scarcely less renowned for their heroic virtue. St Teresa would gladly have remained among them, sharing their sufferings and their great privation, until she could provide them with a house fitted to receive their Lord ; but, at the beginning of the year 1571, she was obliged to undertake the foundation of the Carmel at Alba de Tormeo, which some eleven years later was to be, by God's Providence, her last resting-place.

The little town must have recalled to our Saint old memories of her first home, for Alba, like Avila, has its river and its rocks ; its outlook simple and grand, as was that of Teresa's mind. Her sister, Juana de Ahumada, was living there, and from both her husband and herself Teresa received the same proofs of devoted affection which they had given her at Avila. Their faith and loyalty to the Carmelite cause were not to be left unrewarded. Their daughter Beatriz governed the convent at Alba as Prioress for many years, and died in the odour of sanctity at Madrid, assisted in her last hour by St Teresa herself.

The foundation was completed on 25th January 1571. There was much to influence Teresa when she was pressed to prolong her stay—the sanctity of the founders, the beauty of the spot,

the joy her presence gave to her own sister; but suffering, rather than happiness, was the magnet which drew Teresa's soul towards any place on earth, so she went back to Salamanca at the beginning of February. There she passed the Lent of 1571, and, as Passiontide drew near, began to experience more and more intensely her old yearnings after God and Home. Her thirsting soul longed to drink at the "Everlasting Spring of Living Water," and she looked forward to Palm Sunday in the hope of some relief.

It had long been her custom on that day to offer the best reparation in her power to Our Lord by a most fervent preparation for Holy Communion. She used to make in her mind a living picture of the procession, the inhospitable treatment of the Jews who had kept their doors closed, and Our Divine Lord's forced return to Bethany. Then she would open wide her loving heart, and beg Him to rest with her a while. He had always graciously accepted her invitation, but this time He filled her soul with inexpressible sweetness as He poured over it His Precious Blood. "My child," He said, "I apply to your soul the effects of the Blood shed with so great pain; you shall find in It your great joy. Have no fear that My mercy will ever fail you. This is My abundant recompense for all you, on this day, try to do for Me."

Holy Week was passed in solitude and silence. With the dawn of Easter, Teresa might have expected a greater joy than that of the Sunday

previous, but her soul was left without any sensible consolation. At the evening recreation she turned to the young novice, Isabel of Jesus, saying: "Sing to us, my child!" And the novice sang of the pain which is born of the longing to behold the Face of God:—

"Véante mis ojos,
Dulce Jesus bueno;
Véante mis ojos,
Y muérame yo luégo."

At these words the Saint fell into an ecstasy of longing love, and was carried by the sisters to her cell. Next morning she eased her heart by the well-known hymn, "The Gloss of Saint Teresa," taking as her text:—

"Vivo sin vivir en mi,
Y tan alta vida espero,
Que muero porque no muero."

("I live, but yet not in myself live I,
For I am hoping always for a life so high,
That evermore I die, because I do not die.")

At her next Holy Communion the Divine Lover of her soul made her experience the joy of His Real Presence. Taking her hands in His, He drew them to His Sacred Heart, saying, "Behold My Wounds; you are not without Me on earth, and life is short." She had great need of this ineffable consolation, for, though to our poor human way of thinking, Teresa of Jesus had suffered much for His love, she had still her Garden of Gethsemane to pass through, and her unjust imprisonment and condemnation to endure. Even now she was to be thwarted and

humiliated by those from whom, later, some of her most grievous trials were to come—the friars of the Mitigation.

A difficulty had arisen between the Provincial of these friars and the Prioress of Medina, concerning the reception of a novice whose uncle claimed certain concessions on account of her dowry. The Prioress appealed to Teresa, who at once went to Medina to support her just decision against that of the Provincial, to whom, moreover, no obedience was due from the convents of the Reform, which depended directly on the General of the whole Order. The case was important, as forming a precedent, so the Saint sent Isabel of the Angels, the novice in question, with her dowry to Salamanca. This roused the anger of the Provincial, who was determined to assert his authority. He put a nun from the Convent of the Incarnation in place of the Prioress, whom he deposed, ordering her to go at once with Mother Teresa to Avila.

The Saint obeyed, for both she herself and the deposed Prioress, Inez de Tapia, were professed nuns of the Convent of the Incarnation, and as such personally subject to the Provincial; but she was not long back at St Joseph's before God took her cause in hand. At the request of Philip II. Pope Paul V. had appointed as Apostolic Visitor of the Spanish Carmelites an eminent Dominican, Father Pedro Hernandez. He had been greatly edified by the spirit and practices of the Reform, and he happened to be at Avila when Teresa arrived. She opened her

heart to him, and he was not long in finding out on which side justice lay, conceiving at the same time the highest opinion of Teresa's personal holiness and powers of administration. The Prioress imposed by the Provincial upon the nuns at Medina had found the situation impossible, and had withdrawn from it, to go back to her own convent. Father Hernandez took the opportunity of visiting Medina, where he tactfully secured the election of the Saint herself. Peace and joy were thus restored to the community, but Teresa was not permitted to rest for long at Medina in the enjoyment of these good fruits of the Holy Spirit which guided her—she was destined to make them flourish also in her first religious home, the Convent of the Incarnation.

CHAPTER XIV

THE SAINT AS PRIORESS OF THE CONVENT OF THE INCARNATION

We can scarcely imagine to-day the contrast presented by the life of the Carmelites in the two convents at Avila. In the poor little house of the primitive observance the sisters watched and prayed and suffered for the sins of men with exceeding generosity and content of mind. In the stately Convent of the Incarnation there were murmurs and regrets, much poverty and irregularity. The Superiors found themselves unable to provide with the necessaries of life the eighty nuns, who were in consequence continually obtaining permission to pay long visits to relatives and friends. No wonder that Father Hernandez came to the conclusion that for these temporal and spiritual evils there was but one remedy—the government of the convent for a time by Teresa of Jesus. He proceeded in the matter with the utmost prudence and tact, avoiding any arbitrary act, and making the nomination of the Saint as Prioress of the Incarnation the result of the votes of the Definitors of the Order. Needless to say, she herself was wholly reluctant to take up the burden which she fully realised would be insup-

portable. What would be the disposition of the nuns whom she had seemed to slight when she left their convent? How could she reform Carmelites without introducing the Reform? What was to become of her own foundations in the meanwhile?

It was the day after the Octave of the Feast of the Visitation, 1571. Teresa was in great anxiety of mind, partly on account of the storm which she dreaded, yet saw no way to avert, partly on account of her brother, Don Pedro, whose salvation seemed to be in peril in the place where he was at that time. She sought comfort and counsel at Our Lord's Feet, in one of the hermitages in the garden at St Joseph's, and, as she began to pray, her brother's danger came most prominently before her mind. "My Lord," she cried, "if I saw one of Your brothers in so great peril, what would I not do to rescue him?" At once the tender reproach came back: "My daughter, my sisters are at the Incarnation; yet you hesitate! Take courage, then; for I desire this of you. It will not be so hard as you imagine, and though it seems to you that by your going there your own foundations will be ruined, it is just by your going, that both these and the Convent of the Incarnation will gain. Resist no longer, for My power is great." The struggle was over. Teresa committed her brother and her foundations alike to the tender care of God's Providence, and declared herself ready to undertake whatever the Father Visitor wished her to do. At the

same time she wrote and signed a formal act of renunciation of all the privileges and exemptions granted by the mitigated rule.

Father Hernandez delayed her installation for a few days, in the hope that the nuns would by degrees see the wisdom of his action, and receive their Prioress with submission, if not with gladness. His hope was not fulfilled. Naturally aggrieved at having been deprived of their right of choice, blinded by human motives and suggestions made by their relatives and friends, they opposed the coming of the Saint with all their energy, declaring that they would never recognise her as Prioress. Meanwhile Teresa, satisfied that her Lord had spoken by the mouth of the Apostolic Visitor, had made up her mind to carry out the Divine Will as perfectly as possible. Foreseeing the possible scandal which might ensue from the resistance of the nuns, she gave orders, before entering the convent, that the girls who were being educated there should be sent home. The sisters evidently realised the necessity of this precaution, for the order was obeyed, only a poor orphan remaining as servant with Teresa's consent. This girl afterwards became a fervent religious.

With our colder and calmer northern temperament, we can hardly realise the stormy scenes enacted by the Spanish nuns on the day of installation, when Teresa, accompanied by the Provincial, Father Angelo de Salazar, and another Father, appeared in the Chapter-room.

No sooner had the Act appointing Teresa Prioress been read than a large number of the nuns protested with loud words and angry gestures against its being put into execution. Then one of those who were resolved to obey the Father Visitor, Catherine de Castro, rose up and proclaimed the allegiance of her party. They loved Mother Teresa, she said, and they would gladly receive her as Prioress. While she intoned the Te Deum another nun took the processional cross and led the way to the choir. Teresa followed the faithful few, and prostrated herself before the Blessed Sacrament, while the tumult continued to rage around her, in spite of the Provincial's threatening words to the disobedient members of the community.

At last Teresa herself spoke to them, acknowledging herself to be cause of all the trouble, and begging the Provincial on this account to excuse the conduct of her sisters. Passing from one to another, she soothed them with tender words and affectionate gestures. Her simple touch is said to have restored health of mind and body to more than one amongst them, and by degrees the storm subsided, the installation was completed, and peace seemed to have settled upon all present ; joy was to come a few days later.

The first Chapter-day was looked forward to by the nuns with mingled feelings. How would the new Prioress speak to those who had so flagrantly violated their rules and insulted her person ? What penances would she impose ?

There was still a spirit of rebellion wandering through the cloisters and finding its dwelling-place in the unmortified hearts of the least fervent among the religious. What new opposition and scandal would arise among them in the Chapter-room? How could the loyal-hearted prevent a painful scene? There was no need for anxiety. Teresa's natural wit and supernatural wisdom combined to win at that first assembly the hearts of all her subjects. She went to the Chapter-room before the bell was rung, and putting a statue of the Blessed Virgin, with the convent keys in her hand, in the stall usually occupied by the Prioress, she seated herself on a low stool at Our Lady's feet. As the nuns entered they could not but be touched by her humility and the idea suggested by the statue, that Mary, not Teresa, was Prioress. Her words completed the conversion of all hearts.

"Señoras," she began, "my mothers, and my sisters, Our Lord, through my Superiors, has sent me here to fill the office of Prioress. I was quite as far from thinking of such a post as I am from meriting it. Moreover, it has caused me much pain to accept it, because I cannot fill it worthily; because my nomination has deprived you of your right of choice in the election of your Prioress, and because it would better become me to take example from the least among you than to stand at your head. I come here for one purpose only; that purpose I trust Our Lord by His grace to enable me to fulfil. It is to serve you and comfort you to

the utmost of my power. As to anything else, there is not one among you who could not teach me to practise virtue and correct my faults. Let me know, then, what I can do for the good of each one among you. For this end I am ready, if necessary, to give my blood and my life.

"I am a daughter of this house, and your sister. The character and the needs of the greater number are not unknown to me. There is, therefore, no reason why you should look upon, as a stranger, one who belongs to you by so many titles.

"Do not let my authority cast a cloud over you. Although, for some years past, I have been living among the Carmelites of the Reform, and governing them, yet, by God's grace, I know how to act towards those who have not embraced the Reform. My one desire is that we should all serve Our Lord with sweetness, performing for love of His Majesty, and out of gratitude for the great blessings He has showered upon us, the little that is required of us by our Rule and Constitutions. I am sensible of our weakness. It is great; but if our deeds do not come up to what Our Lord asks of us, at least our desires shall do so. He is merciful, He will certainly give us His grace, until by degrees our actions correspond to our good will."

Even the nuns most bitterly opposed to Teresa could not resist so moving an appeal to their better selves; with all the impulsiveness of their southern natures, guided by Divine

grace, they yielded to her authority, and on the following day all those who held any office in the convent spontaneously resigned it, so that the new Prioress might appoint whomsoever she judged most suitable. Teresa, however, was in no hurry to change everything without due consideration. She began by observing the abuses which had crept in, and pointing out the remedies, she strengthened her influence by acts of motherly kindness, and she did all in her power to foster that family spirit which renders convent life so genuinely happy. She encouraged the sisters to devote all their talents to the service of the community, to be bent on promoting the general good by their cheerful acceptance of individual privations, to find their pleasure, not in the parlours, but in the company of their sisters, and to avoid leaving the convent to visit friends or relatives.

In a very short time all the nuns were of one mind with their saintly Prioress; but their friends outside the convent were not so amenable to discipline. One gentleman, having been several times refused an interview with the religious whom he had been in the habit of visiting frequently, asked to see the Prioress. He thought to intimidate her by violent language and threats of revenge, if the nun in question were not allowed to receive his visits as before. Teresa listened in silence until the gentleman had come to the end of his angry speech. Then in a tone that admitted neither interruption nor reply, she assured him that he would not be

permitted to see the sister again, and, moreover, that if he should venture to continue his indiscreet conduct towards her, the Prioress would denounce him to the King. He withdrew in confusion, well knowing the esteem in which Philip II. held Teresa of Jesus, who would be as good as her word, and he told the companions who waited outside to learn the result of his adventure that they would have to give up all hope of gaining admittance to the convent parlours, for it was no light matter to encounter Mother Teresa.

Writing to Doña Maria de Mendoza, in the spring of the following year, the Saint speaks of the marvellous work done by Divine grace at the Convent of the Incarnation. "I can never sufficiently praise God," she writes, "for the change He has wrought. There are, in truth, great servants of God in this house, and almost every one is advancing bravely along the Way of Perfection. It is my Prioress (the Blessed Virgin Mary) who has worked these wonders." So, no doubt, it was, for all grace is given through Mary's hands; nevertheless, Teresa's union with God, her eminent charity and humility, her natural tact and charm, were precious instruments in Mary's hands. The prayers and good works, too, of the fervent sisters who, in spite of the relaxation around them, had kept alive the spirit of their religious profession, must have drawn down upon the convent the blessing of the Saint's government. Teresa realised at the very outset of her Priorate that there were chosen

souls in that seemingly degenerate community, for, when a few days after her installation one of the elder sisters had urged her to put an end at once to certain faults against regular observance, the Saint had replied, " My good sister, I beg of you to moderate your zeal and calm your displeasure. I would have you know that, in spite of the defects you point out, there are here more than fourteen religious so holy, so fervent, that for their sakes God's blessing rests upon this house. Indeed, I cannot doubt but that for their sakes He would have preserved the world from the Deluge."

Teresa's wise administration secured prosperity in temporal as well as in spiritual matters, so that in the second year of her term of office she could leave the Sub-prioress in charge, while at the bidding of the Father Visitor she went to the help of her sorely-tried daughters at Salamanca.

CHAPTER XV

VEAS AND FATHER JEROME GRATIAN

For the next few months the Saint was at Salamanca, settling the sisters in another house, writing her *Book of the Foundations*, and corresponding with her different convents. One day, while she was at prayer, Our Lord told her to found a convent at Segovia. This seemed at first an impossible undertaking, but all difficulties were overcome, the house rented by Anne de Ximena was put in order, Mass was said, and the Blessed Sacrament reserved on the Feast of St Joseph 1574. Then came trouble. The Vicar-General, annoyed at not having been consulted in the absence of the Bishop who had given permission for the foundation, would not allow the Blessed Sacrament to remain in a house not belonging to the nuns, so they were deprived of their chief joy until, as Teresa says, they had " purchased a house and lawsuits along with it." Moreover, during the six months she stayed at Segovia, the Saint's bodily infirmities left her no respite, while her devotion was dried up and her spirit in obscurity and desolation, a prelude to the bitter agony of mind shortly to come upon her in what one of her biographers has styled her " Garden of Gethsemane."

In the midst of these sufferings Teresa was preparing to return to Avila for the approaching election at the Convent of the Incarnation. She went first to visit the Dominican monastery at Segovia, celebrated for the chapel in which St Dominic himself had suffered great anguish of mind and performed heroic penance, receiving in return inestimable graces. Teresa prostrated herself before the altar, and was rapt into an ecstasy in which she saw St Dominic by her side. After some time her confessor, who had accompanied her, called her. She rose, all bathed in tears, and, as had been arranged, made her confession, heard Fra Diego's Mass, and received Holy Communion from his hands. During her thanksgiving the Saint again saw the Dominican Founder at her left side. She asked why he stood on the left. "Because," he replied, "the right is my Master's place." Teresa turned and saw Our Lord Himself on her right. He stayed but for a few moments, saying as He disappeared, "Rejoice together with My friend." For two hours she remained in the company of the glorious Saint, who manifested the joy he felt at her coming, told her of the pains he had undergone in that chapel, and the graces with which he had been there overwhelmed by Our Lord. Finally, taking her by the hand, he promised to assist her powerfully in the affairs of Carmel, adding other words which consoled her greatly. Gladly would she have remained in that sacred spot, but she was forced to set out at once for Avila.

So completely had Teresa won the hearts of the sisters at the Convent of the Incarnation, so marvellous had been the spiritual and temporal prosperity of that house during the last three years, that the nuns had decided upon her re-election. She gently dissuaded them from carrying their purpose into execution. "I cherish this convent as my Mother," she said to them, "and you, my dearest daughters, as my sisters; but our other convents are calling me back to them, and I can stay with you no longer." So she bade a last farewell to that spot which she must have loved with an almost personal affection, for it was there that she first gave herself to God, there that her heart had been transpierced by the Seraph's flaming dart, and there that Jesus, clasping her hand in His, had told her to take care of His honour, because she was indeed His spouse. She had greatly loved, and greatly suffered, since then for His dear sake, but she had yet to pass through her "Garden of Gethsemane." Meanwhile she was to be consoled and strengthened by the foundation at Veas, of which she gives us the following graphic account:—

"At Veas there lived a rich nobleman, Sancho Rodrigo de Sandoval, married to Doña Catherine Godinez. Among the children with whom God had blessed them were two daughters, who became foundresses of this convent. The elder was named Catherine, after her mother; the second, Mary. When Catherine was about fourteen, Our Lord called her to consecrate

herself entirely to Him, though the idea of leaving the world had been up to that time far from her mind. She held herself in such high esteem that she scornfully rejected every proposal for her marriage made by her father. She not only considered her suitors beneath acceptance, she looked upon marriage as an insupportable yoke, thinking that it argued want of spirit to subject herself to a man. Where such pride came from no one could say, but the Divine Master knew how it was to be cured. May His mercy for this be eternally praised!

"One morning Catherine, alone in her room, next to that in which her father was still asleep, was thinking over a proposed alliance considered very honourable for her. In disdain she said to herself, 'With how little is my father satisfied! Provided only that a gentleman is heir to an entailed estate, he is content; but I intend the nobility of my family to begin with me.' Full of such thoughts, she happened to glance at a Crucifix. That very moment Our Lord wrought in her heart an admirable transformation. From the title above the Cross a sudden light was flashed into her soul, showing her the truth. It was as if the sun shone suddenly into a dark chamber. As then she gazed with other eyes upon her dear Master, fastened to the Cross in His excess of suffering, and covered with His Blood, she realised the overwhelming difference between His humility and the pride which filled her heart."

Catherine was immediately and entirely con-

verted. Satan's rage at the loss of so great a prize vented itself in a terrific noise, which awakened her father, who rushed into his daughter's room sword in hand, but the enemy was of course invisible. Catherine said nothing of what had passed, but from that moment she vowed chastity and poverty, and felt so great a longing to live in subjection that she would willingly have let herself be taken captive by the Moors so as to live in slavery. She begged to be allowed to become a nun, and when permission to enter a convent was refused to her, she laid aside her costly garments to put on a simple dress which should make known her sentiments. No opposition was made to her plans, so she gave herself up to the practice of a penance so austere, an abnegation so complete, that when she became a Carmelite she was already far advanced in the Way of Perfection.

After the death of her mother, Catherine resolved to become a nun, and as there was no convent at Veas, she yielded to the entreaties of her relatives to devote her fortune to founding one there. Four years passed in fruitless endeavours to obtain the necessary authorisations, and Catherine's state of health was desperate. Miraculously cured by Our Divine Lord, she went to Madrid, and easily obtained from King Philip himself the necessary permission to found a Carmel at Veas. It was there in 1575 that St Teresa first met Father Jerome Gratian, who for the remaining seven years of her life was to be her disciple, as well

as her Father in Christ. Teresa had undertaken the foundation at Veas without realising that she was entering the Province of Andalusia—a mistake that was to bring much personal suffering to the Saint, causing her to become mixed up in the conflict between the friars of the Mitigation and those of the Reform, and to incur the displeasure of the General. She had long foreseen that troubles would arise, in the first place, because the friars of the Reform did not at the outset definitely fix their constitutions, but left each foundation to make its own interpretation of the primitive rule; secondly, because they remained under the jurisdiction of the Superiors of the Mitigation. She looked to the eminent virtue and brilliant talents of Father Gratian to remedy these evils.

Born at Valladolid in 1545, he was some thirty years younger than the Saint, who gives us an interesting account of his vocation to Carmel. He was a man of elevated mind, vast learning, and rare modesty. His whole life had been characterised by the practice of great virtues, and it would seem that the Blessed Virgin herself had chosen him to revive the primitive spirit of Carmel. He came of a distinguished family, and his father, having both the means and the wish to secure his advancement, sent him as a law student to the University of Alcala. But Jerome had even then a leaning towards the religious state, and by his prayers and tears obtained his father's consent to study theology instead of law. On obtaining his

West Front of Valladolid Cathedral.

degree as Doctor, he sought admission into the Society of Jesus. He was accepted, but his admission had to be deferred for a few days by the Superiors. Meantime he was asked to go to Pastrana, to negotiate with the Carmelite Prioress there concerning the entrance of a postulant. One of his friends had already joined the Reform, and Jerome himself cherished an ardent devotion to Our Lady; but he was far from imagining that his journey to Pastrana would end in his remaining there among her friars. So impressed, however, was the Prioress with whom he had business by the distinction and charm of his manner and conversation, that she conceived the idea of securing him as a pillar of the Reform. She set her nuns to obtain from Our Lord that he should not leave Pastrana without the habit, and he was so edified by all that he saw of the friars that he determined to remain among them.

Before meeting him at Veas, St Teresa had occasionally corresponded with him, but the accounts which reached her of his virtue, his learning, and the charm of his conversation, made her exceedingly desirous to see and speak with him. "I longed intensely for that moment," she writes, "so that my joy at his arrival cannot be described, but that which I experienced in talking with him was incomparably greater. He gave me inexpressible contentment, and I felt that those who had praised him so highly had yet only partially recognised his merits. All my anxieties vanished at the

first moment of our interview, for Our Lord then showed me, as in a picture, the good which this religious would do in our Order. At the time his commission extended over Andalusia alone, but he had just been summoned to Madrid by the Nuncio, to be invested with similar authority over the friars and nuns of the Reform in Castile. This news gave me unspeakable joy; I could not cease thanking Our Lord, but kept wishing I had nothing else to do."

It was at this time that Our Lord appeared to her with Father Jerome on His right and Teresa on His left, and, joining their hands in His own, said to her, "Behold him, whom I wish to hold My place in your regard, for the remainder of your life." This vision gave her supreme consolation, for it showed her where she was henceforth to look, in order to see without any doubt the Will of God. Writing to the Prioress of Veas, she gave vent to her gratitude and joy. "O my dear Mother! How I should have liked to have you with me here during the last few days! Let me assure you that they have been the best days of my life. In saying this, I do not exaggerate. We have had here for the last three weeks the Father Master Gratian, and I can assure you that, in spite of the frequent interviews we have had, I cannot yet realise his worth fully. I think him perfect, and that he has every quality we could wish to obtain for him from God. What you have now to do, my dear daughter, you and all the sisters, is to beg of God to give him to us as Superior.

If He bestows him upon us, I can rely upon him henceforward for the government of all our houses. I have never seen so great perfection allied to so great gentleness. May God preserve him and uphold him with His Hand! For nothing in this world would I have missed the consolation I experienced in seeing him, and conferring with him at such leisure."

Father Gratian wished Teresa to found a Carmel at Seville, the capital of Andalusia. She thought it would be preferable first to make a foundation at Madrid, and when Father Gratian told her to consult Our Lord, her opinion was confirmed. Nevertheless, her Superior decided for Seville, and the Saint immediately began her preparations for the journey thither. A day or two later Father Gratian, in admiration at her prompt obedience, asked her how she could follow his judgment so readily when it seemed evidently opposed to that of Our Lord. She made the memorable answer: "I could never be deceived in obeying my Superiors; I might be so in judging of the truth of a revelation." Then Father Gratian told her to consult Our Lord again. She did so, and was assured that not only the foundation at Madrid, but the entire work of the Reform, would be greatly promoted by her obedience. "Go to Seville," added Our Lord, "the foundation will be made there; but you will have much to suffer." She set out at once for the place of her agony.

CHAPTER XVI

THE REFORM IN THE FURNACE

Teresa was accompanied by six sisters, chosen for their virtue and courage which, as the Saint tells us, was such that she " could have ventured to go with them into the country of the Turks." They travelled " in great cheerfulness and joy " by dint of meditating on that everlasting fire, which the burning heat of Andalusia seems to have brought vividly before their minds ! They did not reach Seville until the Thursday after Pentecost, having suffered greatly, not only from the heat, which threw Teresa into a violent fever, causing her companions grave anxiety, but also from the difficulties and dangers of the road. When at last, on 26th May, they entered the city, it seemed as if their troubles were only then to begin. An insuperable difficulty, as it seemed, was the refusal of the Archbishop to grant the necessary permission for the foundation. He was known to be so great a friend of the Reform that Father Gratian had thought to give him a welcome surprise, by sending Teresa and her nuns to Seville without even a hint of their intentions. Father Mariano had hired a small house for the nuns, but the Archbishop refused to allow another convent without

revenues to be founded in Seville, whose inhabitants already supported so many poor religious. Teresa thought the city too large and wealthy for her to depart from her ordinary custom. Eventually the Archbishop, won over by her supernatural views and the cogency of her arguments, gave his consent ; but the nuns were several months before being finally settled. They had neither house, nor money, nor friends, until, by what Teresa describes as " a delicate attention of Divine Providence," her brother, Don Lorenzo, having returned to Spain, came to Seville. There he devoted himself wholeheartedly to the service of his saintly sister and her daughters, among whom his own charming child, Teresita, was to find her home. A Carthusian Prior in the neighbourhood also took the affair to heart, and on Sunday, within the Octave of the Ascension 1576, the Blessed Sacrament was placed in the Chapel of the Carmelites at Seville. The foundation at Caravacu had been made on the Feast of the Holy Name, that same year, by Mother Anne of St Albert, who at Father Gratian's wish had been sent by Teresa in her place. He needed the Saint at Seville, where about this time the struggle began between the friars of the Mitigation and those of the Reform.

In May 1575 a general Chapter of the Carmelite Order had been held at Piacenza. The Spanish delegates were friars of the Mitigation, and they brought many bitter complaints against the friars of the Reform—they had made founda-

tions without the necessary authorisation ; they had been unduly favoured by the Nuncio and the King ; a young friar of the Reform, not thirty years of age, had been appointed Visitor. The result was that the Discalced or Barefooted Friars were severely censured for having, without the General's permission, made foundations outside the Province of Castile. At the time of Father de Rossi's visit to Spain, the Andalusian friars had opposed his projects of Reform. He had yielded to their arguments, while greatly desiring the progress of St Teresa's work, and there is little doubt that had affairs been managed by the enthusiastic Father Mariano and the very young Father Visitor, with some measure of the prudence which had marked Teresa's conduct of the Reform in Castile ; had the General been kept informed of the readiness of many friars of the Mitigation to embrace the Reform, encouraged by the Apostolic Visitors both of Castile and Andalusia ; Father de Rossi would have been entirely favourable to them. As it was, the Discalced Friars in Andalusia were threatened with condign punishment ; they were separated from each other, the ablest among them being sent to fill posts in the monasteries of the Mitigation, while from these monasteries friars not willing to follow the Reform were taken to supply the vacancies there. This measure meant simply the destruction of the Reform, and it must have nearly broken the Saint's heart, not to speak of the suffering caused her by the General's misapprehension of her

share in the matter, and his consequent decree against her. A full and clear account of the affair is given in the *Book of the Foundations* :—

"You know, my daughters, that I founded these convents, not only with the permission of our Very Reverend Father-General, but by his express command. At each new foundation that I announced to him he experienced, as his letters assured me, exceeding great joy. Nothing could have caused me greater happiness than this, for I felt it was serving God Himself to give such satisfaction to him who held God's place towards me, and to whom, moreover, I bore very great affection. But whether Our Lord wished me to have some repose, or whether the devil could no longer endure the establishment of so many houses consecrated to God's service, the foundations were interrupted. The cause cannot be attributed to our Very Reverend Father-General, for when a short time previously I had written to be dispensed from any further foundations, he had replied that, far from granting my petition, he could wish the number of my foundations to equal the number of hairs on my head.

"Before I quitted Seville there had been held in Italy a General Chapter of the Order, and I had reason to expect that the founding of these new monasteries would therein have been considered a service to the Order. Instead of this I received, on the part of the Definitors, a formal prohibition to found any new convents, and a decisive command to choose one of our houses

as my future abode, which I was not to leave on any pretext whatever. In a certain sense this was equivalent to condemning me to perpetual imprisonment, for any one of our religious may be sent from one house to another by the Provincial, when the good of the Order requires it. But worst of all, and the one thing that I really felt, was the displeasure of our Father-General, owing to false reports about me having been circulated by certain persons under the influence of passion. Two very grave accusations, as I learned, had been made against me.

"Now, in order that you may see, sisters, how great is the mercy of our Divine Master, and that He never forsakes those who wish to serve Him, I assure you in all sincerity that these false accusations, far from troubling me in the least, inundated my soul with a joy so intense that I could not help showing it. In my transports I no longer wondered at David's dancing before the ark. I could have wished to do nothing else. I cannot say what it was that filled me with such exceeding great joy when I was the object of two calumnies, one being of the gravest nature. At other times I have suffered from unbridled tongues, and have met with great opposition, but never have I known such happiness in suffering.

"As to not founding any more convents, had it not been for Father-General's displeasure, this would have been the greatest relief, for I had long desired to end my days in calm and solitude. However, this was not the aim of those who

did me such bad turns. On the contrary, they thought to cause me great dissatisfaction, but perhaps their intention was good.

"In times past, I acknowledge, a single one of these troubles would have pained me deeply. The extraordinary joy I felt in them came from the conviction that since creatures were repaying me in this way, my Creator was pleased with me. This truth I hold as certain—that to place one's happiness in earthly goods, or the praise of men, is a strange illusion. To-day they are of one mind; to-morrow of another. What pleases them in the morning, displeases them before night. Thou alone, O my God, art unchangeable! . . .

"When the monastery of Seville had been established, four years passed without another foundation, owing to the grievous persecution which suddenly broke out against the friars and nuns of the Reform. There had been persecutions before this time, but not nearly so violent as this. Now it was easy to see that, on the one hand, Satan was greatly enraged, and that, on the other, these foundations were Our Lord's work, since He kept them safe in the midst of the storm. . . . Just at this time the Papal Nuncio, a very holy man whose love of virtue made him hold the Discalced Carmelites in high esteem, died, and in order to exercise the patience of these religious, God permitted the new Nuncio to be bitterly opposed to them. Great servant of God as he doubtless was, he nevertheless from the beginning declared himself in favour of the

friars of the Mitigation, and relying on their testimony, thought it his duty to suppress the Reform. He acted with extreme severity, condemning to imprisonment or exile those whom he thought capable of resisting his authority. Father Anthony of Jesus, one of the first two friars of the Reform; Father Jerome Gratian, named Apostolic Visitor of the Friars of the Mitigation by the preceding Nuncio, and against whom the displeasure of his successor was most marked; and Father Mariano of St Benedict, were those who suffered most. . . . This same Nuncio appointed as Visitor of all our monasteries, both of friars and nuns, a Father of the Mitigation. Now, had things amongst us been such as they had been described, this circumstance would have caused us great misfortune. As it was, it did cause much tribulation. . . . I only touch upon it here that those who come after us may realise how strictly they are bound to aspire more and more after perfection. All they have to do is to follow the road, marked out for them at so great a cost by the first Carmelites of the Reform, some of whom, during this time of persecution, became the object of grave calumnies causing me no little pain. My personal sufferings were, on the contrary, a source of joy to me; for, believing as I did, that I was the cause of this tempest, I could have wished myself thrown into the sea like Jonas, in order to appease it.

"Praise for ever be to God who showed Himself to be the Protector of truth. Our

Catholic King, Philip II., was informed of all that was taking place, and being acquainted with the manner of life and regular observance of the Discalced Friars, he took our cause in hand. He would not permit that the Nuncio alone should be our judge, but appointed to help him four assessors, all persons of distinction, three of them being religious. One of these, Father Pedro Hernandez, was a man of large views, very learned and very holy. As Visitor in Castile of the entire Order, he had become well acquainted with the manner of life both of the friars of the Reform and the others. When, therefore, I heard that the King had chosen him to be one of the judges, I looked upon our cause as gained." It was gained, but Teresa's personal suffering, together with the prayers and penances of her nuns and the friars of the Reform, no doubt counted for much in bringing about the desired result—the exemption of the Discalced Friars from the jurisdiction of the Friars of the Mitigation.

CHAPTER XVII

CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS OF THE SAINT

He who would get a just idea of any human life must go beneath the surface of events to study the undercurrents of grace and nature, often struggling against each other for passage, rarely sweeping onwards together. He must have a care lest he read into the life of another his own imaginings, thus losing sight of the spirit living in its pages. The events narrated in St Teresa's life are easily pictured out; the spirit which informs it is not always realised to the full. One characteristic, however, cannot escape the most casual reader—the pure love of God for His own sake, and the genuine love of man for God's sake, that burned in the soul of the Saint. These two loves, which yet are but one, shine out in every page of her writings—in the *Life*, in the *Book of the Foundations*, in the *Way of Perfection*, in the *Castle of the Soul;* but nowhere more brightly than in her letters.

To various correspondents, differing widely in rank as in personality, Teresa writes with the winning simplicity of a child and the gracious wisdom of a good woman. There is more in her letters than mere natural charm: there is an uplifting strain, raising us to the supernatural

heights on which she habitually dwelt. It is this union of lofty idealism and plain common sense, this mingling of human sweetness with heavenly light, that makes us sensible when reading her letters, that a Saint is by nature "a little lower than the angels," and "crowned with mercy and compassion." It is, of course, not possible to convey in any translation the charm of the Saint's own vivid yet sublimely simple style. A word-for-word, or phrase-for-phrase translation is not to be thought of; extracts are sometimes either inadequate or misleading; but a few typical letters, freely translated, may serve to show the beauty of her soul, giving at the same time some idea of the depths of disappointment and anguish into which it was plunged during the last decade of her life.

After the decree of the General Chapter, previously referred to, had been communicated to her, she prepared to set out at once for one of her convents in Seville. But winter was coming on, and Father Gratian, who was at the time still Apostolic Visitor, forbade her to leave Seville before the following summer. From that city, then, in the early part of the year 1576, she wrote to the General, John Baptist de Rossi :—

"JESUS.

"May the grace of the Holy Spirit ever abide with your Paternity! Amen.

"Since I have been in Seville, I have written to your Paternity three or four times. I should

have written oftener had not our Fathers told me on their return from the Chapter that you had left Rome to visit the monasteries of Mantua. May God be praised for the good success which has attended that business! In those letters I gave an account of three convents founded during the past year—one at Veas, another at Caravaca, the third, here. I may say that in them you have, as your daughters, some very great servants of God. The first two are endowed; this one, not. It has not as yet a house of its own, but I hope that Our Lord will soon procure one for us. As I feel sure that some of my letters have reached you, I shall not go into further details on this matter.

"I also said to you, Very Reverend Father, that it is one thing to hear our Discalced Fathers, Jerome Gratian and Mariano, speak for themselves, and quite another thing to hear of them from their enemies. It is certain that in them you have true children, and I venture to say that in essentials they are second to none among those who make this their proudest boast. Not daring to write to you again, they have begged me to act as mediatrix, that you might restore them to favour. I have already entreated you most earnestly to do so, and to-day I again implore you, to grant me this grace for the love of Our Lord, and to give some credit to my words. There is no reason why I should hide the truth from you. Moreover, I should think it a sin to do so. Even if I could do so without offending God, I should look upon it as treason

and very ill done, to hide the truth from a Father whom I so tenderly love. When we stand together at the Judgment Seat of God, Very Reverend Father, you will realise all that you owe to your true daughter, Teresa of Jesus. This hope alone gives me comfort, for I know that persons will not be wanting who will persuade you to the contrary of what I write. However, every one who is not influenced by passion will do me the justice to say that I speak the truth. I shall do so as long as I live.

"I also mentioned in my letters the commission that Father Gratian had received from the Provincial, who had sent for him again. I have now to add that his commission has been renewed, making him Visitor not only of the houses of the Reform, whether of men or of women, but also of those of the friars of the Mitigation in Andalusia. I know for certain, whatever may be said to the contrary, that he did his utmost to be excused from this last; his brother, the King's Secretary, was equally averse to his undertaking it, as a matter impossible to be carried out without much pain and trouble. However, when it was decided, if these Fathers would only have given credit to my words, and received the Commissioner, the affair could have been managed in a friendly way, as among brothers, without hurting the feelings of any one. I did my best to secure this, not only because it was the sensible way of acting, but also because of my friendship towards these Fathers who, since our coming

to Seville, have helped us in every way. As I think I have already told you, I find among them men eminent in virtue and in learning. I could wish we had as many such in the Province of Castile.

"I have always been inclined to make a virtue of necessity, as the saying is, so I should have preferred these Fathers, before they set themselves to oppose the Commission, to have considered well whether they had any chance of succeeding in their action. On the other hand, we have had for our sins so many Visitations, so many new measures, that it is not to be wondered at if the friars are worn out and disgusted with them. To my mind, however, this commission is far less mortifying for the Order than if it had been placed in the hands of a stranger, and I trust in God that the business will be done very well indeed, if you will only show such favour to Father Gratian, that every one may know him to be in your good graces. He is taking the liberty to write to your Paternity, and his only desire is according to what I have said. He reveres you as his Father, and would not for the whole world cause you the least displeasure.

"I beg of you then once again, my Very Reverend Father, for the love of Our Lord and of His glorious Mother, whom you love so dearly and whom this Father cherishes in like manner—for it was his great devotion towards her that drew him to our Order—I beg of you to answer him with kindness, forgetting what

is past and the faults he may have committed, receiving him as your son and subject, which he truly is. So, too, is that poor Father Mariano, though sometimes he does not know how to say what he wants. I am not surprised if he has written things which he does not mean, for he cannot explain himself, but he protests to all who are willing to listen that he has never had the smallest intention of saying or doing anything to offend you. In truth I believe it is the devil, whose interest it is to spoil everything, that has caused one without any ill-will to manage this affair so badly.

" For the love of God, Very Reverend Father, grant me the favour I ask. Consider that it belongs to children to make mistakes, and to fathers to forgive, and not keep looking at their faults. Many motives should urge you to act thus, though perhaps you cannot see these reasons so well at a distance as I see them here on the spot. We poor women may not be capable of giving advice, yet we do sometimes manage to hit the mark. As for me, I cannot see what harm could come from your admitting to favour these two who, if the opportunity were given them, would most willingly cast themselves at your feet. On the contrary, it would bring about much good. God never refuses His pardon, and if it were known that your Paternity is pleased that the Reform should be carried out by your own servant and son, whom for this end you are delighted to pardon, everything would go well. If there

were many in the Order to whom this work could be entrusted, it would be another matter ; but since there are none with Father Gratian's talents, as your Paternity would be the first to say if you knew him more intimately, why should you not take him under your protection, if only, as I say, to let every one see that, if the Reform succeeds, it does so in virtue of your advice and authority ? Once it is seen that the affair was undertaken with your approval, difficulties will be smoothed. I could say much more to you on this matter. I had rather beg of God to lead you to act as is most for His glory; the more so that for some time my words have had little weight with your Paternity. Nevertheless, if I am mistaken in what I say, I am quite sure it is not my will that is in fault.

" Father Antonio of Jesus is here. . . . He is writing to your Paternity, and may, perhaps, be more successful than I. From the bottom of my heart I desire that the conclusion you come to concerning all that I have said may be that which will bring most glory to God. May Our Lord do as He has the power, and as He sees best !

" I have been informed of the decree by which the General Chapter forbids me to leave whatever house I now make choice of. It was sent here by the Provincial, Father Angelo de Salazar, to Father Ulloa, who had to make it known to me. He thought it would pain me very much, as it may easily be believed that the Fathers who procured it intended it should, so

he kept it back for a time. More than a month ago, however, I heard of it from another quarter, and took means to have it declared to me. I can assure you, Very Reverend Father, as far as I can vouch for myself, that it would have been a great joy to me to have received this order direct from yourself, and to have seen by your letter that you had compassion on the arduous labours I have gone through in these foundations, and because of the little strength remaining to me, wished me to take some rest. Even though your order comes to me in a very different way, it gives me much comfort to be able to be quiet. This is a boon to me; but my great love for your Paternity makes me keenly sensible that it has come to me as to a very disobedient person. So at least Father Angelo spoke of it, in presence of the whole Court, before I knew anything about it. He thought, no doubt, that it would be a great mortification to me to be confined to one convent, and even wrote me word that I could set the matter right by appealing to the tribunal of the Pope, as if it were not a great relief to me! You may rest assured, Very Reverend Father, that even if it were not so, and if I could not without suffering the greatest possible affliction do as you ordain, it would never cross my mind to fail in obedience towards you. May God forbid that I should ever come to such a pass as to seek the smallest satisfaction for myself against your will! I can assure you, and Our Lord knows the truth of what I say, that my

one consolation amid all the labours, anxieties, afflictions, and contradictions of the past, has been the thought that I was pleasing you and carrying out your wishes. Therefore you ought not to doubt the satisfaction with which I shall now execute your orders. It has not been my own doing that I am still here, but I was not allowed to set out at once, seeing that it was Christmastide, and the journey very long, and that it is not your wish that I should risk injuring my health. I remain here, then; but only until the end of winter, for, to tell you the truth, I do not feel at home among the people of Andalusia. The favour I earnestly beg you to grant is that, wherever I may be, you will not leave off writing to me. For now that I shall not have to meddle further with any business, which certainly is a great pleasure to me, I am afraid you might forget me. However, I shall not let that happen, for even though you never write to me again, I shall continue to write to you for my own relief.

"It has never been the received opinion here, nor is it now, that either the Council, or the Papal brief deprives Superiors of the right to transfer religious from one convent to another whenever, as is often the case, such a transfer would be for the good of the Order. I do not say this on my own account—I am no longer worth considering—and indeed if by so doing I could give you the smallest pleasure, I would willingly remain not only always in the same convent where I should be at peace, but even in a prison.

I speak in order to remove any scruple your Paternity might have, as to what has been done in my case hitherto. I can assure you that, although furnished by you with letters-patent, I have never left my convent to make a foundation (clearly I could not have done so) without having a written permit from my Superior. Father Angelo gave it to me for Veas and Caravaca; Father Gratian for coming here, since he had at the time the same commission that he holds to-day. How then can Father Angelo speak of me as being excommunicated and an apostate? May God forgive him! You know, Very Reverend Father, and can testify to the fact, that I have used every means in my power to give him satisfaction and secure your good-will towards him, in as far as God's service permitted, yet I have never succeeded in standing well with him.

"It would be more to the purpose if he would show some displeasure at the conduct of Father Valdemoro. It is right that your Paternity should be informed that this Prior at Avila has, to the grave scandal of the whole city, sent away the Discalced Fathers from the Convent of the Incarnation; moreover, that in spite of the regular observance in that house, for which we cannot give thanks enough to God, he has treated the nuns so harshly that it is pitiable to see their distress. I have been told that in order to take the blame off the Prior, they have put it on themselves. The Discalced Fathers are back again, by order of the Nuncio, who has

forbidden any others to hear confessions in the convent. I cannot tell you how grieved I am at the trouble these poor sisters are in. Nothing but dry bread is given to them, and plenty of disquietude with it.

"May God put an end to all this, and preserve your Paternity to us for many years! I have just heard that the General of the Dominicans is coming here soon. How glad I should be if you could come too! Yet, on the other hand, I should dread for you all the labour and hardships of the journey. So I must be content to wait for this satisfaction until that blessed eternity which shall have no end, and in which your Paternity will realise how much you owe me. God grant in His mercy that I may deserve to be there! I recommend myself very particularly to the prayers of the Reverend Fathers, your assistants. All your subjects and daughters in this convent beg that you will give them your blessing, and I beg the same for myself.

"The unworthy daughter and subject of your Paternity,

"TERESA OF JESUS."

Had St Teresa left us but this one letter, should we not have been able to judge of her perfect simplicity of soul, disinterestedness, and zeal? Later on she wrote the following letter to the King. It bears witness to her loyal-heartedness, her fearlessness in defence of the right, and her sound sense:—

"JESUS.

"May the grace of the Holy Spirit be ever with your Majesty! Amen.

"I have learned that a little while ago there was presented to your Majesty a Memorial against the Father Master Gratian. I marvel at the boldness of the devil and of the Calced Fathers. Not content with defaming this servant of God who never ceases to edify us, and who, as I learn from the monasteries he has visited, leaves all the religious filled with a new spirit, his enemies and ours have attempted to tarnish the reputation of these monasteries, where God is so faithfully served. For this purpose they have made use of two Discalced Friars, one of whom, before putting on the habit, was a servant in one of our houses, and has often given proof of a weak judgment. With him, Father Gratian's enemies have brought forward others, filled with resentment against him, because, as Visitor, it is he who has to punish them when in fault. They have been induced to sign accusations so absurd, so monstrous for persons in our state of life, that, if I were not restrained by the thought of the mischief which the devil may work through them, I would be the first to laugh at the stories they circulate concerning our Discalced Carmelites.

"I entreat you, sire, for the love of God, not to allow such infamous testimony to be laid before the tribunals. The world is so bad that, even when our innocence has been completely proved, many people are capable of suspecting

that we have given some cause for the calumny; and it might seriously injure the progress of the Reform if the slightest stain were cast upon what God in His goodness has kept in so true a state of renewed observance. This your Majesty may easily learn from attestations which Father Gratian has procured concerning certain points, from persons equally commendable for virtue and clear-sightedness, who are acquainted with the nuns in these convents. Moreover, information may be obtained as to the motives of those who have presented the Memorial, and I entreat your Majesty to look to it, as to a matter in which there is question of God's honour and glory. If our adversaries see that some account is made of their allegations they will not fail, in order to shake off the yoke of the Visitation, to accuse him who has to make it of heresy, and where the fear of God hardly exists any longer they will easily find witnesses.

"I am deeply sensible of the persecution undergone by this servant of God who, in the midst of it all, bears himself with so much uprightness and perfection. It is this that urges me to conjure your Majesty either to protect him, or to cause him to be removed from these perilous circumstances. He belongs to a family devoted to your service, and he is commendable by his own merit. I look upon him as a man sent from Heaven, and I have no doubt but that the Most Blessed Virgin, towards whom he has always had a singular devotion, inspired him with the design of entering our Order, so that he

might be my help at a time when, after labouring alone in this cause for seventeen years, my strength is beginning to fail.

" I beseech your Majesty to pardon the length of this letter. My boldness springs from the great love I bear you, and the consideration that, since Our Lord permits me to complain to Him, however indiscreetly, so also will your Majesty graciously condescend to hear me. May this God of all goodness grant the prayers addressed to Him by the friars and nuns of the Reform, that He may preserve you for many years to come, for you are our only support on earth.

" The unworthy servant and subject of your Majesty,

" TERESA OF JESUS,
" Carmelite."

Philip II. lost no time in causing the truth of the contents of the Memorial to be investigated, with the result that the two witnesses, Fra Miguel and Father Balthasar of Jesus, retracted their statements before public notaries in the Presence of the Blessed Sacrament.

CHAPTER XVIII

TOLEDO AND ITS FRUITS

THE letter to the King was written more than a year after Teresa had left Seville for Toledo, where Father Gratian desired her to remain in retirement according to the wishes of the General. On her way she had passed through Malagon, where she kept the Feast of Pentecost. She seems to have gone straight from Malagon to Toledo, but before finally taking up her abode there, she paid a visit to the Cradle of the Reform at Avila, by Father Gratian's desire. She left Avila at the beginning of August, taking with her the saintly lay-sister Anne of St Bartholomew, who was to share her captivity, and be henceforth her inseparable companion.

It had been the Saint's intention in the beginning of the Reform not to have any distinction made between those engaged in household work and those who chanted the Divine Office, and she herself had taken her turn in the kitchen with the rest of the first community at St Joseph's. As time went on, however, it was found overburdensome to combine the two sets of duties, each of which seemed to call for special qualities and a special vocation. Teresa resolved to make the change, and doubtless

besought Our Lord to send her some chosen soul to be the model of all future Carmelite lay-sisters, for such certainly was Anne of St Bartholomew. Her parents, though not rich, had their own farm, and were known and respected for the regularity of their lives and the care with which they brought up their children. Anne was born in 1549, and was therefore more than thirty years younger than the Saint, whose last years she was to share and console in so supernaturally intimate a way. She had been a child of remarkable promise, gifted with extraordinary horror of sin and love of solitude and prayer. When, at ten years of age, she lost both her parents, she paid to her elder brothers the respect due to her guardians ; she took care of the sheep, and became more and more closely united to God, by means of the simple beauty of nature which surrounded her. Gradually she conceived a desire for perfect solitude, and made a plan, not unlike that of Teresa and her brother, to retire into a desert with a girl cousin of her own age who was like-minded. They were supernaturally hindered from carrying out their design, but from that time they tended their flocks together and encouraged each other in the practices of piety, charity, and mortification, which they undertook for the love of God.

As Anne grew up her relatives began to think of her marriage, and as she stood greatly in awe of her brothers, she did not dare to speak of her desire to be a nun ; but she took her trouble to

Our Lady's feet, and there she found more than she had hoped for. The Blessed Virgin appeared to her, holding the Divine Infant in her arms, and sweetly assured her that her desires would be fulfilled: she was to become a nun in Our Lady's own Order. So it came to pass, for her confessor, the good priest of the village, who knew the treasures of grace in her soul, hearing of the Carmelites at St Joseph's, went to speak about her to the Prioress. She was the famous Mary of St Jerome—that Doña Maria de Avila, a relative of our Saint's, whose triumph over the world had caused so great a sensation, and who was at the time holding Teresa's place during her absence.

She invited Anne to come and see the little convent, and though her brothers were strongly opposed to her becoming a nun, their faith and uprightness forced them to escort her to Avila. As they came in sight of St Joseph's, Anne recognised it as the convent which she had seen some time previously in a dream. Even the faces of the nuns were familiar to her, and the very cup out of which in her dream she had seemed to drink. Her whole appearance and bearing charmed the community, and with one voice they voted for her admission, but as no preparation had been made for her clothing, which, according to custom, had to take place immediately on her entrance into the convent, she had to go back for a time with her brothers. Then came long months of persecution on the part of her relatives, and grievous bodily suffer-

ings. She was cured by a miracle at a shrine of St Bartholomew, whose name she doubtless took in religion, to testify her gratitude for this favour, and after enduring many other trials, including more than one apparition of the devil, she was finally escorted by her brothers a second time to the poor little convent at Avila. There she had been for some years the joy and edification of the community, who gave her, as their greatest treasure, to their Mother in the time of her need.

In the summer of 1576, then, Teresa began her sojourn at Toledo, thinking never again to leave its walls. Thence she kept watch over the Reform, and maintained a correspondence with its members which fills us with admiration, testifying as it does to the beautiful, unselfish devotedness to others—whether nuns or friars, or members of her own family—which kept possession of her gifted mind and heart. These four years of retirement gave the opportunity for those charming letters, so full of zeal and charity, and heavenly wisdom and human tenderness. During them, too, was written the continuation of the *Book of the Foundations*, begun at Salamanca in 1573, by order of her confessor, Father Jerome Ripalda, and continued at Toledo by the wish of Father Gratian, whom she assures that she does it with much more good-will than all the letters she has to write, which take the life out of her. She cannot tell him how she manages to find time for it all, and yet have a little left to spend with Our Lord, Who is her whole strength.

It was from Toledo in 1577 that St Teresa wrote the letter which became famous in Spain as "La Carta del Vejamen." She had proposed to her brother, Lorenzo de Cepeda, that he should try to find out the meaning of Our Lord's words to her, "Seek thyself in Me." Don Lorenzo was then living at Avila, and he sought enlightenment from St John of the Cross, Father Julian of Avila, and Francis of Salcedo. The four agreed that each should write an explanation, to be submitted to the Carmelites at St Joseph's; but the Bishop of Avila, being informed of the matter, desired that the commentaries should be sent for criticism to the Saint herself at Toledo. The result was a letter marked by delicate humour, sound judgment, and supernatural insight.

She begins by telling the Bishop that were it not her duty to obey him she could easily find reasons for declining the office of judge. The nuns at Toledo suggest that she is afraid of appearing to favour her brother; but the four competitors are equally dear to her, having each and all borne a part in her sufferings. Next she expresses the hope that she may not say anything which will lead to her being denounced to the Inquisition, for her head is completely worn out by all the business she has had to see to. However, obedience can supply strength, and since she is not, as she had hoped, merely to amuse herself by reading the commentaries, she will do her best.

Beginning with Francis of Salcedo, who thinks

Toledo Cathedral.

the words refer to the omnipresence of God, she congratulates him on his fine discovery, asks how, when the soul is united with God, it can go on seeking Him with the understanding, and finally threatens to denounce him to the Inquisition because, while his paper is filled with quotations from Holy Scripture, he ends by declaring that he has written nothing but nonsense!

She then takes Julian of Avila to task for ending badly though he had begun well. He has explained what he was not asked, as to the state of a soul in perfect union; but she forgives him because he has not been so diffuse as St John of the Cross.

It would appear that St John erred by insisting on the soul's being dead to the world in order to seek God. Teresa asks whether Mary Magdalen, the Samaritan woman, and the Canaanite mother, had died to the world before they found God. She thanks Father John for explaining much that was unnecessary about perfect union, and says that one good result of talking about God is that we get more than we expect.

As to Don Lorenzo's paper, it has given Teresa much pleasure, though she considers he ought to be ashamed of it. The sisters are deeply indebted to him for his verses and his remarks. He has said more than he understands, but as he has afforded them some amusement, they forgive him for discoursing on matters which he acknowledges are much above

him. She must, however, rebuke him for counselling pious persons, who have never asked his advice, to practise the prayer of quiet—as if this depended on their own will.

She ends by finding it impossible to decide which of the commentaries is the best. There are errors in each of them which should be corrected. She, too, had best correct herself, lest she resemble her brother in want of humility. In one of her poems, *Alma, buscarte has en mi*, the Saint gives some idea of the meaning she herself attached to the words. The first verse has been thus translated in *Minor Works of St Teresa*, by the Benedictines of Stanbrook :—

> "Such is the power of love, O Soul,
> To paint thee in My Heart,
> No craftsman with such art,
> Whate'er his skill might be, could there
> Thine image thus impart!
> 'Twas love that gave thee life:
> Then, fairest, if thou be
> Lost to thyself, thou'lt see
> My Portrait in thy bosom stamped:
> Soul, seek thyself in Me!"

It was at Toledo, too, that St Teresa began her invaluable treatise called the *Castle of the Soul*. It is a wonderfully beautiful and sublimely simple exposition of the truth she had tried to impress upon her sisters years before, when she wrote for their use the *Way of Perfection*. In the twenty-eighth chapter of that book she writes: "Let us realise that we have within us a most splendid palace built entirely of gold and precious stones—a dwelling fit for so great a Lord—and that we are in part

responsible for the state of this building, there being no structure comparable in beauty to a soul that is filled with virtues, as with jewels, which are more brilliant, as the virtues are more perfect. Within this palace the mighty King Who has deigned to become your Father is seated on a throne of inestimable value, no other than your heart. . . . Perhaps you will laugh at me, and say that this is obvious enough. You may be right, nevertheless I was a long time in realising it. I knew I had a soul, but I did not understand its great worth, nor did I keep in mind Who dwelt within it, for the vanities of the world had blinded me. It seems to me now that, if only I had realised how great a King had His abode in the little palace of my soul, I could never have left Him alone so often. I must have stayed with Him sometimes, and kept His mansion in better order."

These thoughts are developed in detail in the *Castle of the Soul*. There the soul is said to be a castle made of diamonds, or very brilliant crystal, with various compartments, just as there are in Heaven many mansions. The gate of entrance is mental prayer, and the Saint again emphasises the truth laid down in the *Way of Perfection*, that prayer should always be made with heart and mind. She then describes the various mansions. Souls in the First Mansions have already good desires and practise prayer, but their minds are so full of distractions, springing from the cares or pleasures of life, that they are, as it were, living among venomous

insects. Prayer and humility will lead these souls to the Second Mansions, which are, however, still full of trials and temptations. The Third Mansions represent souls who have progressed so far as to avoid the smallest sins, and to practise prayer and penance with fervour and recollection. They are tried by aridity and desolation of spirit, although at times they have great consolation and the gift of tears. Only great humility and submission to God's Holy Will can make them persevere. The Mansions which follow are those in which the soul passes through the various degrees of supernatural prayer—the prayer of Quiet, of Union, of Ecstasy and Vision—until, in the Seventh Mansions, souls are raised to that sublime and perfect state of spiritual espousals, in which the bride has only to take care of the honour and interests of the Bridegroom. This was the state reached by St Teresa herself, when, during her term of office as Prioress of the Convent of the Incarnation, Our Lord gave her His right Hand in token of His marriage with her soul.

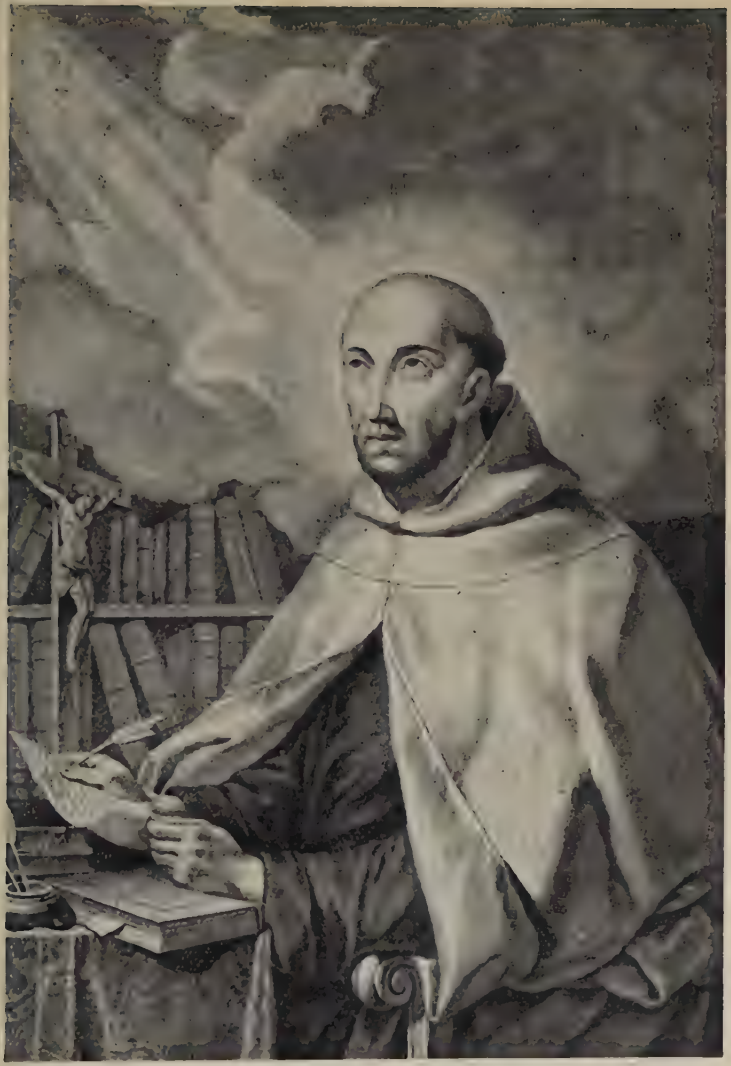
The sublime truths concerning the intercourse between God and the soul, which are treated of in *The Interior Castle*, are explained in so simple and fascinating a manner that one would wish to see the book better known to all who are striving, not after self-realisation, but after the realisation of God in themselves. In this book, even more clearly and convincingly than in the *Life*, or the *Way of Perfection*, we see the connection between Faith and Works, between theory

and practice, in the everyday life of a Catholic, whether religious or secular. Thus, in the chapter on the Second Mansions, we read: "Remember—it is of the greatest importance—the sole aim of one beginning to practise prayer should be to endure trials, and to resolve and strive to the utmost of her power to conform her own will to the Will of God." And, in the fourth chapter on the Seventh Mansions, when God has entered into complete possession of the soul, the Saint exclaims: "Oh, my sisters! how forgetful of her ease, how unmindful of honours, and how far from seeking men's esteem, should she be whose soul God thus chooses for His special dwelling-place! . . . This is the end and aim of prayer, my daughters; this is the reason for the spiritual marriage, whose children are always good works."

CHAPTER XIX

THE ERECTION OF THE REFORM INTO A SEPARATE PROVINCE

DURING the long and bitter contest between the Friars of the Mitigation and those of the Reform, St Teresa had clearly seen that the one way to secure peace was to procure the Constitution of a Separate Province for the Discalced Friars and Nuns. After much suffering and many prayers, this actually came to pass at the moment when the cause of the Reform seemed all but lost. St John of the Cross had managed to escape from prison just when the Discalced Friars had resolved in desperation to choose a Provincial and erect a Province of their own. Both St John and St Teresa did their best to persuade them against taking this foolish step, but all in vain. Father Antonio of Jesus was chosen Provincial, and set out with some other Fathers for Madrid, in order to obtain the sanction of the new Nuncio. Monsignor Sega, however, totally disapproved of the whole proceeding—he imprisoned the friars and ordered Teresa to go back to Toledo; then he issued a brief placing the Reform under the jurisdiction of the Friars of the Mitigation. This was the blow which Teresa had always feared, and which, when it came, crushed for a



St. John of the Cross.

little while even her brave spirit. Only when Anne of St Bartholomew was urging her to take some refreshment before Matins, and they both beheld in a vision Our Lord at her side, breaking her bread in pieces and bidding her to eat, did her drooping courage revive. With renewed hope she implored His help, and began at once to enlist the most influential persons in Spain in the cause of the Reform.

In these efforts she was materially assisted by the Prioress of Veas, that valiant and gifted woman Anne of Jesus, whom, it will be remembered, the Saint had welcomed as Co-foundress rather than as novice. She had received a letter from the Provincial of Castile, proposing to visit her convent, assuring her that she was first among the Prioresses in his estimation, and that he should most gladly see her with the rest once more grafted on the "parent stock"—that is, the Mitigated Observance. Her answer bears witness to her natural wit, as well as to the true spirit which guided her :—

"May Jesus be with your Paternity," she writes, "and may He show you the wrong you have done in accusing us, the Discalced Carmelites, of having separated ourselves from the parent stock. Our parent stock is Jesus Christ, our Sovereign Good. We have consecrated ourselves to Him, and rather would we die a thousand times, if it were possible, than part from Him. There is, too, a second stock on which our Holy Order is founded—our holy Father Elias. How has our holy Mother-foun-

dress, Teresa of Jesus, acted? Burning with zeal for the service of Jesus Christ, yearning to be most intimately united to the parent stock, and supernaturally enlightened by His Divine Majesty, she cast her eye on this second stock, our Father, St Elias, and though she could not put on a garment like his of camels' hair, she laid aside her robes of fine cloth and stuff, to draw as close as possible to her stock and father, by wearing only rough and coarse serge, and following him exactly in his solitude and fasting, his penance, and his prayer. This is what we are all doing, and rather than separate ourselves from this second stock, we would forfeit a thousand lives. It seems to me, Reverend Father, that it is not we, but you and the other Friars of the Mitigation that have cut yourselves off from the parent stock, our father St Elias. You wear fine habits, you abandon solitude to mix with company, and instead of the constant prayer so strictly prescribed by our holy rule, a thousand distractions fill your minds. Thus do you separate yourselves from Jesus Christ, our Head and our Parent Stock. In conclusion, I would beg to remind your Reverence that our house belongs to the Province of Andalusia, not to that of Castile, over which alone you have jurisdiction. Therefore, as your Paternity has nothing to do with us, pray do not take the trouble to visit us. It would be labour lost, since we cannot look upon you as our Superior."

After so just, and dignified, and straightforward a statement of the case, it is not sur-

prising that neither the Provincial of Castile, nor the Provincial of Andalusia, attempted to visit the Convent of the Reform at Veas. The letter is undated, but it must have been written shortly before the intervention of Philip II., whom Teresa had implored "to give command that all these poor Discalced" might not suffer as they did "at the hands of those of the Observance." She had assured the King of her firm conviction that Our Lady had chosen him as the "protector and resource" of her Order. She had pictured out the wrongs and misery endured by the nuns and friars of the Reform, and had ended by saying: "If your Majesty does not order some remedy to be applied to our troubles, I do not see where the end of them can be, for we have no one on earth but your Majesty." Philip certainly responded to the confidence placed in him by the Saint; but the friars of the Mitigation had won the ear of the Nuncio, who, as we have seen, placed the Reformed Carmelites under their jurisdiction. To him, therefore, an appeal was made by one of the most powerful friends of the Reform, the Count of Tendiglia, whose fiery zeal caused him to reproach the Papal representative with some violence. Monsignor Sega complained to the King, who thus obtained the opportunity to speak his mind on the subject. He promised that the Count should apologise for his want of respect, but he also told the Nuncio that many complaints had reached him of the injustice and harshness to which the Discalced friars and nuns had been

subjected, and he earnestly begged him to "protect the virtuous."

The result was that Monsignor Sega received the Count's apology graciously, and encouraged him to renew his remonstrances, saying he was quite willing to confer with any judges of the cause whom the King should appoint. Four men, eminent in virtue and learning, were chosen by the King to assist Monsignor Sega in his deliberations. On 1st April 1579 the Nuncio issued letters exempting the Discalced from the jurisdiction of the Friars of the Mitigation. On the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel in that year, the decision of the Nuncio received the approbation of the King, who undertook to write to Rome, to secure from the Holy See the necessary permission for the erection of the Reform into a new Province of the Order of Mount Carmel, depending directly upon the General. Many difficulties had to be overcome; much prudence and patience had to be exercised; but the end was a victory for the Reform, Pope Gregory XIII. complying with the request of Philip II. by Letters Apostolic, dated 22nd June 1580. In the promulgation of the Letters, however, there was a delay of some months, until, at the celebrated Chapter of Alcala, held under the protection and at the expense of the King, in May 1581, the separation—entirely and for ever—of the Province of the Reform from the Provinces of the Observants of the Mitigated Rule of Eugenius IV., was followed by the election of Father Jerome Gratian as first Provincial of the Reform.

The news was brought to Teresa at Palencia, where she was prayerfully following up the acts of the Chapter at Alcala. She no doubt had greatly wished to see Father Gratian chosen Provincial; yet she cannot have been surprised at the closeness of the voting which gave him only a majority of one, for she knew the objections against him which had been discussed in the Chapter; such as his having been placed in authority at the very beginning of his religious career; his not being sufficiently well grounded in the virtues of mortification and the hidden life; his consideration for the good opinion of men; his devoting more care to other souls than to his own. There may have been some foundation for these objections, but what was indisputable was the fact that Father Gratian not only stood high in the King's favour and was acceptable to the grandees of Spain, whether secular or ecclesiastical, but was held in singular esteem by the saintly Mother Teresa, who knew how greatly he had suffered for the Reform, and how indispensable his talents were. She was not blind to his defects of character, and the possible dangers attached to his method of government, which bordered on weakness. Her letters to him at the time show this. But she saw, too, all the sterling qualities of mind and heart with which he was gifted, and she hoped that, with the support of Father Nicolas Doria, he would be enabled to rule with strength as well as sweetness. How greatly she was disappointed in this hope can be seen from her

last letter to him, 1st September 1582. She has been so grieved by his going to Andalusia before thoroughly setting the houses of Castile in order, that she has no heart to write to him, and only does so through necessity. She cautions him against making plans for houses in Rome, when there are not enough friars in Spain to maintain the houses there. She protests against his sending Father Nicolas to make foundations, and lets him know that people say he does not like his Socius to be so distinguished a man. In the matter of preaching, too, she urges him to take all possible pains to speak to the purpose. It would have been well for Father Gratian had he known how to profit by the Saint's advice. But he seems to have been wanting in true humility, and after Teresa's death, his expulsion from the Order, though an act of excessive severity, and probably of injustice, lends some colour to the statement that the greater his power, the more evident became his defects. To the last, however, St Teresa retained her affection for him, and it cannot be doubted that he rendered invaluable services to her Reform.

Before closing this chapter, something must be said of the Revision of the Constitutions of St Teresa. She had drawn them up at the beginning of her Reform; they had been approved by the General of the Order, at his visit to Avila in 1566; later on, Pope Pius V. had granted his approbation, with permission for the Foundress to make any necessary changes as time went on. They were discussed at Alcala

with a view to their being finally settled; yet, though Teresa was consulted, and the Chapter showed no desire to dissent from her opinions, one of the troubles which came upon the Reform after her death was caused by disputes about these Constitutions. Thanks above all to the efforts of Anne of Jesus, they were saved from serious alteration. There are occasional hints in the letters of the Saint about this time, that she foresaw this trouble; but her joy at the security of the Reform was too great to be overclouded, and she carried on the Foundations, the account of which has been interrupted so that a clear idea might be gained of the struggles and victory of the Reform.

CHAPTER XX

FOUNDATIONS RESUMED—DEATH OF DON LORENZO

St Teresa had not been allowed to wait for the erection of her Reform into a separate Province before resuming her Foundations. As soon as the Nuncio had decided to exempt the Discalced from the jurisdiction of the Friars of the Mitigation, Teresa was permitted to leave Toledo. She went, in the spring of 1579, to Avila, where she remained until the 25th of June, and after spending a few days at Medina del Campo, and nearly a month at Valladolid, went to Salamanca. There she stayed till November, returning for a short time to Avila before setting out for Malagon, where the community seems to have fallen into a state of relaxation, owing to mismanagement. The Saint stayed at Malagon from 15th August 1579 until 13th February 1580, when she set out for her next Foundation, concerning which she writes to Father Gratian :—

" Jesus.

" May the grace of the Holy Spirit be with your Paternity, my dear Father.

" To-day Father Antonio of Jesus and the Father Prior de la Roda have come to conduct

us to Villanueva de la Jara. They have brought a carriage and a cart, and from all they tell me, I think this will be a good foundation. Will you commend it to Our Lord ? "

So Teresa and her companions set out full of hope and courage. " The Lord was pleased," writes the Saint, " to send us magnificent weather, and to me such perfect health that I seemed never to have been ill. I marvelled at the sudden change. I saw by it how essential it is, when God asks something from us, not to let ourselves be hindered by infirmities, or obstacles of any kind. He can, if He so pleases, change weakness into strength, sickness into health. If He does not do so, it is because He judges suffering to be better for us. Therefore, once He makes known His good pleasure, let us go forward with our eyes fixed on His honour and glory, and entirely oblivious of our own interests. What grander use of health and life is there under Heaven than their sacrifice in the cause of so great a King, so august a Master ? Believe me, daughters, if you follow this path you can never go astray. I own that I, myself, through weakness and want of virtue, have often in earlier days feared and doubted. But I cannot call to mind having done so once, since Our Lord let me put on the habit of a Discalced Carmelite, nor indeed for some years previously. The Divine Master, of His pure mercy, has given me grace to overcome such temptations, and to take a leap in the dark, as it were, whenever there was question of His

greater service, no matter what the difficulties might be. I saw clearly, it is true, that in itself my co-operation was a poor thing enough, but that God only asks this generous disposition on our part in order to do everything Himself."

On her way to Villanueva the Saint had an opportunity of venerating the tomb of the famous penitent Catherine of Cardona, in the monastery of Our Lady of Succour, the church of which had been built over the cave in which Catherine had lived as a hermit. Here Teresa had a vision of the holy recluse, who greatly encouraged her, saying, "Do not grow weary of founding monasteries, but pursue this work with ardour." So she went on joyfully to the little hermitage of St Anne, where for some years certain young ladies of Villanueva, who had conceived the idea of imitating the heroic penance of Catherine, had lived together in the practice of every virtue. They had let Catherine know how her example had influenced them, and she had sent them word that they were to be the foundation-stones of a house of the Reform of Mount Carmel. They had earnestly sought the fulfilment of this prediction, and when Teresa was sent to Toledo in 1576, she had received a letter from the municipality of Villanueva, stating that the townspeople unanimously desired the foundation, which was strongly supported by the learned and holy parish priest of the place. In her account of the foundation, the Saint gives the reasons why she delayed for so long to give her consent :—

" (1) Because those whom I was asked to receive were so many (they were nine), and it would be very difficult to accustom to our manner of life those who had grown used to their own.

" (2) Because the place had scarcely a thousand inhabitants—too few to help substantially those who were to subsist by alms, for they had small means of their own, and I could not rely on the offer of the municipality to maintain them.

" (3) There was not a suitable house.

" (4) Their hermitage was at a great distance from the other convents, and though I had been assured that they were very virtuous, I could not, without having seen them, judge their gifts to be such as would fit them for our convents."

As was her custom, Teresa had referred the matter to her confessor, who decided in favour of acceptance, for, he said, " when God inclines so many hearts to desire anything, He clearly intends it for His service." Later on, when she was commending the affair to God after Holy Communion, Our Lord bade her to " accept the house without misgiving." So she set out, as we have seen, from Malagon at the beginning of the year 1580, and reached Villanueva on the first Sunday in Lent, when the foundation was made with much joy and thanksgiving. She remained about a month in the little convent, whose poverty was almost utter destitution, but it was not too great for the brave hearts who had waited so long and suffered so much to win

the habit of Mount Carmel. To the proposal made by their tender-hearted Mother to disperse them among other convents of the Order, where they would have at least the bare necessaries of life, they had replied that they had rather possess the joy of remaining as they were until death. A resolve so high was too much according to the Saint's own heart, for her to refuse their request. So she distributed among them the offices of the convent, and with tears of admiration and affection, left them to return to Toledo.

It was a six days' journey, completed on the eve of Palm Sunday. Teresa counted on passing Holy Week and Easter Day in solitude, and then resuming her route northwards. A serious attack of paralysis, however, which at first threatened to end her life, kept her at Toledo for a couple of months. She was able, as she wrote afterwards to Father Gratian, to bear it "standing up," for during its course she had occupied herself with some family affairs, that had tried her greatly. Her home affections, purified and supernaturalised though they were, still caused her to suffer with, and for, those of her dear ones who were left upon earth. Death had separated her from Rodrigo, her fellow-hermit of childhood's days, from Antonio, and Jerome, and her beloved elder sister Maria. Augustine was still in Peru, Lorenzo and Pedro, and Juana were in Spain. Of these three, Lorenzo gave her the greatest consolation. Juana's husband was unfortunate from a worldly point of view, but he and his wife bore their

poverty nobly, and devoted their lives to God's service. The thorn in everybody's side was Don Pedro, with his weak and melancholy character. He had not known how to make use of his opportunities; he had abused the generosity of Don Lorenzo, and disturbed the peace of his household. When things reached a crisis, he betook himself to his Carmelite sister, whose letter concerning him should be read in connection with those passages of her *Conceptions of the Love of God*, in which she explains certain verses of the *Canticle of Canticles*.

"The King," she quotes, "set in order charity within me," and, she continues, "He so sets the soul in order, that all love for this world quits it, self-love changes into self-hatred, and affection is felt for kindred, solely for the sake of God." Again, on the verse, *Stay Me up with Flowers!* the Saint writes: "I understand by this the Bride is begging that she may perform great works in the service of God and her neighbour, for the sake of which she joyfully relinquishes her own interior delights. This would seem proper to the active, rather than the contemplative life, and the soul would apparently lose rather than gain by the granting of her petition, but when the soul reaches this state, Mary and Martha always act in unison. The soul enters into acts which seem wholly external, but which, when they spring from this root, are beautiful, fragrant flowers, blooming on the tree of pure love for God, without any mixture of self-interest. The perfume of these

blossoms is wafted to a great distance, bearing blessings to many souls, and its good effects are lasting. . . . Souls raised by God to this state, think as little of their personal loss or gain as if they no longer existed. Their sole aim is to serve and please God, for, having realised His love for His creatures, their delight is to abandon their own comfort or advantage, to gratify Him by helping and teaching their neighbour with profit to his soul. They never stop to consider whether they will be the losers; they think solely of the welfare of others, forgetting themselves for God's sake, in order to please Him better. . . . Their words are interpenetrated with this sovereign love for God, so that they never think—or if it does occur to them, they are not troubled by the thought—that men will take offence at what they say. Such people do immense good." With these sublime reflections in mind, we may read Teresa's pure love for God and souls, between the lines of the following letter to her brother Lorenzo :—

"JESUS.

"May the grace of the Holy Spirit be with you, my dear brother.

"God permits, believe me, that we should be tried by this poor man (Don Pedro), that He may have proof of the extent of our charity. I own to you, my dear brother, that mine is so feeble that I am greatly grieved thereby. Even if he were not my brother, the very fact that he is my neighbour should be enough to fill

me with compassion for him in the state to which he is reduced. I am vexed with myself for my want of charity. I soon enkindle it, however, by considering how I ought to act in order to please God, and when I behold His Divine Majesty between this unfortunate man and myself, there is nothing I am not ready to bear for His sake. Were it not for this thought, I assure you, my dear brother, I would not lift a finger to dissuade him from the journey (to Seville) which he thinks of making, for I so ardently wish to see him out of your house, that my pleasure thereat would greatly surpass the pain his condition gives me. For the love of God, therefore, I entreat you not to keep him in your house, however great his importunity may be, or however great the extremity to which he may be reduced, otherwise I shall have no peace. On this point he is quite mad, though sane enough on other subjects: learned people have told me this is quite possible. He had this mania before there was any question of Serna (Don Lorenzo's estate), so it is not his staying there that has brought it on; it is simply an infirmity of mind so great that I have been in dread as to what might happen.

"He agrees that you have every reason to be angry, but declares that he cannot help himself. He is conscious of his folly, and indeed he ought to be tired of it. Still, he says he would rather die than remain as he was. He had already arranged with a muleteer to set out to-morrow for Seville, for what purpose

I cannot think. Poor wretch! In his present condition one day's exposure to the heat would be enough to kill him, for he came here with a violent headache. What could he do at Seville but spend all his money, and then beg his bread? I had thought that probably Doña Major's brother could have helped him. It seems I was mistaken. I felt obliged, solely out of charity, to induce him to stay here until your answer arrives. He is convinced that it is of no use for him to wait, but as he is beginning to realise the plight he is in, he means to remain. I beg of you, in the name of charity, to write without delay, and to give your letter to the Prioress of Avila, who will forward it by the next courier.

"God is faithful, and as to this sudden fit of sadness you mention, it arises, I think, solely from our poor brother's having left Avila to come to Toledo. If he is mad upon this point, as I believe, you are all the more bound by the law of perfection to succour him to the best of your ability. You cannot let him go to destruction, but you must bestow alms upon him in preference to others, because of the bond of relationship that exists between you. I am well aware that no reason obliges you but that, but Joseph lay under a still slighter obligation towards his brethren. Take my word for it, when God bestows upon any one so many graces as He has given to you, He expects great things in return—this is one. I do not hesitate to say, that were this unfortunate man to meet with

his death on this journey, you, having so good a heart, would never cease to weep over him, and perhaps God would reproach us both. Therefore we are bound to consider the matter carefully, so as to prevent a fault which would be irreparable. If you think well over it before God, as you ought to do, you will realise that by giving him a certain sum, you will be none the poorer, since His Majesty will let you have it back in other ways."

Teresa then proposes the allowance which might be made to Pedro, and an arrangement by which he could live with Juana de Ahumada, or Don Diego de Guzman. It is all very sad, but it is the best that can be done under the circumstances. Lorenzo is to think he is giving the money to her, for she will be as grateful for what he gives to Pedro as she would be if, as was certain, he came to her assistance in her hour of need.

Needless to say, Don Lorenzo did all that was asked. Don Pedro was borne with and helped along to the end. But the elder brother was to die first, and that sooner than any one expected. The letter quoted is dated 10th April. At the beginning of July the Saint writes to the Prioress of Seville :—

" I see very well that Our Lord never means me to be long without some affliction. You must know that He has been pleased to call to Himself His good servant and friend Lorenzo de Cepeda. He was seized with a hæmorrhage so violent that in less than six hours he was

suffocated by it. He had received Holy Communion two days previously, and, as he died, was perfectly conscious, commending his soul to Our Lord. I trust, in God's mercy, that he has passed to the enjoyment of Eternal Life, for his dispositions were such that anything outside the Divine Master's service was of no interest to him."

Teresa was at Segovia when her brother died. It was recreation-time, and she sat in the midst of her daughters, when they perceived a sudden pallor on her countenance. She rose, evidently in great grief, and went straight to the choir, where she remained absorbed in prayer surrounded by the sisters. They soon learned that she had seen Don Lorenzo die at Avila, as if she had been bodily present. Afterwards it was known that he had only passed through Purgatory, and a few days later, when about to receive Holy Communion, she beheld St Joseph on one side of the priest, and on the other her brother, radiant in glory. She had need of this supreme consolation to support her under all the grief of soul, and all the family troubles which followed upon Don Lorenzo's death. It became her duty to see to the execution of his will—he had left a bequest for a chapel at Avila, where he wished to be buried—and to look after his children, so utterly unprepared for his loss. That this was no easy or pleasant task, we learn from another letter to the Prioress of Seville, about a month later.

"If I had not been assured," she writes,

" that by taking in hand the cause of these two dear children I was rendering a true service to God, the repugnance I feel at having anything to do with these affairs would already have made me leave everything to go as it would."

As usual, however, the Saint set about doing what she knew to be God's good pleasure. She placed her niece, Teresita, under the care of the nuns in Avila, and went, accompanied by her nephew, Francis, to Valladolid, where some documents had to be signed, and where the Prioress, Mary Baptist, was that Maria de Ocampo whom we met at the beginning of the Reform among the relatives of St Teresa. We shall meet her again, and hear more about the crosses laid upon the Saints, often by virtuous and devoted members of their own families, in and out of Religion.

CHAPTER XXI

PALENCIA—LETTERS

Don Alvaro de Mendoza, Bishop of Avila, had been translated to the see of Palencia. Entirely devoted to Our Lady, he had from the beginning been a firm friend and advocate of the Reform of Carmel in her honour ; he had been a father to the nuns of St Joseph's at Avila, and he greatly desired a foundation to be made at Palencia. Teresa's revered guide, Father Balthasar Alvarez, had also urged her to make this foundation, and the Prioress of Valladolid, whose convent had been founded by Don Bernardino, the Bishop's brother, and his sister Doña Maria de Mendoza, naturally supported the request. In a letter to the Prioress of Salamanca, Teresa refers to the illness from which she had been suffering, and which was certainly one cause of the repugnance she felt to the undertaking. In her account of the foundation she writes :—

" I do not know whether this sprang from my sickness, and the weak state in which it had left me ; or from the devil's desire to hinder the good which was afterwards effected. In truth, I am lost in grief and astonishment—and I have often complained of it to Our Lord—at

the large part the poor soul has to take in the weakness of the body, for it seems to be fit for nothing else but to observe its laws according to its necessities, or whatever else causes it to suffer. One of the greatest trials and miseries of this life seems to me to be the lack of a spirit great enough to control the body. . . . There is no help for it but patience and the acknowledgment of its wretchedness, with resignation to the Will of God, that He may make use of us in whatever way, and for whatever purpose, He pleases."

After many difficulties and untiring efforts on the part of a certain Canon of Palencia, a great servant of God, the foundation was made on the Feast of St Thomas of Canterbury, 1581. Great joy was manifested by the good Bishop and his devoted people, of whom Teresa says they were remarkable for a goodness of heart and a noble-mindedness, which she had never seen surpassed. It was some time before the nuns were finally settled in their convent—St Joseph's of Our Lady of the Street, as it was named, after a hermitage on the spot to which there was great devotion. Great evils, too, had sprung out of the unrestricted licence allowed to pilgrims, who might remain in the place all night. Our Lord had revealed to St Teresa that many sins were committed there, which would be atoned for, or prevented, by the establishment of her convent. So it came to pass; the scandal was put an end to. But when this good work had been accomplished it was considered

wise to remove the nuns to another part of the city, for their church was always crowded, often up to midnight, and they found it impossible to recite the Divine Office devoutly in their choir, where the grille did not suffice to keep out the noise and distractions caused by the constant coming and going in the church.

It was during the Saint's stay at Palencia that the Reform was erected into a separate Province, and in her account of the foundation she expresses her intense joy and gratitude for this favour, which crowned the "five-and-twenty years of troubles, persecutions, and sorrows of every kind, endured in the cause of the Order." She pays a glowing tribute to the King of Spain, whom she looks upon as chosen by Our Lord to save the Reform from the destruction which threatened it, and she exhorts her children, both friars and nuns, to live up to their obligations. Her burning words are for all, in whatever congregation, who need in these our days to be reminded that they are "the children of Saints."

"So then, my Brothers and my Sisters, let us press on in the service of the Divine Master. . . . As to those who come after us, and who find all obstacles smoothed away, I conjure them, for the love of Our Lord, not to let anything grow slack as regards perfection. . . . Never let the members of our Order be heard to say: 'That is of no consequence; that is an exaggerated strictness.' O my daughters, we should look upon as very serious indeed anything which could hinder our progress in God's

service. I beg of you, for the love of Our Lord, to keep ever in mind the swiftness with which everything passes away, the grace with which our Heavenly Spouse has favoured us in calling us to this Order, and the signal punishment deserved by the one who should be first to introduce amongst us some relaxation. . . . Lift up your eyes to Heaven, and see how many there among the Saints have worn our habit. Let us also, with a holy daring, resolve to become by God's grace even as they are. The battle will soon be over, Sisters, the reward will last for ever. Let us look with supreme contempt on the things of this world, which are quite worthless, and wholly taken up with heavenly things, let us, without ceasing, redouble our ardour in the love and service of Him Who, throughout endless ages, will be our living beatitude. So may it be! Amen! To God be benediction, praise and thanksgiving."

Before leaving Palencia, the Saint wrote an admirable letter to the Bishop of Osma, letting us see to what a height of sanctity she had arrived, and how up to the end of her life her Way of Perfection was marked by sublime simplicity and common sense. She has reached the point when she can cry out with Holy Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that in my flesh I shall one day see my God." She, as it were, holds already in her hands the title-deeds of her estate; she waits in peace for the moment of taking possession. Her soul overflows with gratitude, and she would think it but

a small matter to be consumed until the end of time in the service of Him Who has thus given Himself to her. Her soul suffers indeed, but is securely centred in its inner castle, where it exercises complete control. Its vigilance is, notwithstanding, incessant, but it seems to have lost all interest in itself, and is wholly occupied with the accomplishment of God's designs, and the promotion of His honour and glory.

As to her body, she seems to take more care of it, and to mortify herself less than before in the way of food. She has no longer any desire to perform corporal penances ; but her one aim in all this is to be strong enough to serve God in other ways. She acts always through obedience to her Superiors, and though she thinks self-love may creep in, her conscience bears witness to the greater joy she should experience in practising austerities if permitted to do so. She seems to exist merely to eat and sleep, and not to let anything trouble her, but when she sounds the depths of her conscience she finds no attachment to any creature whatsoever, not even to the glory of Heaven. There is absolutely nothing in her soul but the pure love of God, and this increases daily, together with her desire that all the world should serve Him. She has so completely surrendered herself to the Divine good pleasure, that she desires neither life nor death, except at times when the longing to see God takes possession of her soul. At such moments, she concludes, " I am so enlightened as to the indwelling of the Three Divine Persons

in my soul that the realisation of their presence at once heals my pain. . . . Then I desire to live on, if He so pleases, that I may serve Him still. If by my prayers I could but cause a single soul to love and praise Him more, though only for a little while, that would seem to me a greater thing than already to be in glory."

In another letter St Teresa complies with the Bishop's request to trace out for him a method of prayer. It is at once so perfect and so easy that it will prove useful to our readers, whatever their age or calling :—

" JESUS.

" Most Reverend Father of my soul,

" I look upon my taste for obedience as one of the greatest graces God has bestowed upon me. I feel indescribable satisfaction and comfort in the exercise of this virtue—that which Our Lord most earnestly recommended us to practise. So it is, my Lord, that although ever most exact in praying for you, your having told me the other day that I must do so, has rendered my prayers for you still more fervent. Since then I have fulfilled this obligation without stopping to think of my unworthiness, and solely because you so ordained it. This leads me to hope that God in His goodness will grant what I ask for you, and I trust you will be all the more pleased with my zeal, because it is the fruit of submission. I have, then, laid before God the graces that I know Him to have bestowed upon you—humility, charity, and in-

defatigable zeal for His glory and the salvation of souls. I have begged Him to increase in you these virtues, so that you may be as perfect as the dignity to which He has raised you demands.

" But it was given me to understand that the chief thing is wanting to you—the foundation, that is, of all these virtues, and you are aware that, if the foundation is not sure, the building soon topples over. Now this one principal thing which you lack is prayer, with the lamp alight which is the light of Faith ; it is perseverance in prayer, with the strength requisite to crush and break all that opposes the union of the soul with God. This strength is none other than the unction of the Holy Spirit, without which the soul experiences only dryness and dissipation. We have to bear patiently with that multitude of suggestions, of importunate imaginations, of natural and impetuous movements, caused on the one hand by the dryness and dissipation of the soul ; on the other, by the imperfect subjection of body to mind. We are not conscious of these imperfections until God, as He usually does, opens the eyes of the soul during prayer. Then we behold them in their true light. Here is the plan which, it has been made known to me, you should follow in the beginning of your prayer.

" After making the Sign of the Cross, accuse yourself before God of all the sins committed since your last confession. Disengage your mind from all things here below, as if you were at that very moment about to die. Excite

within yourself a sincere sorrow for all the sins of your life, and, as a penance, say the *Miserere*.

"Then speak to God in this way: 'I have come to your school, My Lord, not to teach, but to learn. I venture to converse with your Sovereign Majesty, although I am but dust and ashes, and a miserable worm of the earth. Deign, Lord, to show forth your power in me, though I am but a wretched little ant.' Then offer yourself as a perpetual holocaust to God, and place before your eyes, of body or of mind, the image of Jesus crucified. Consider it attentively, and in detail, with the utmost recollection and affection of which you are capable.

"Consider first how the Divine nature of the Eternal Word of the Father is united to the human nature which of itself had never existed if God had not given it being. Reflect on that unspeakable love, that profound humility, of a God Who has annihilated Himself in becoming man, to make of man a God. Finally, fix your attention on that magnificence, that liberality with which God has made use of His power, in order to show Himself to men, and to make them partakers in His glory, His strength, and His greatness. If this consideration excites in you the admiration which it usually produces, continue to dwell upon it. You could never meditate too deeply on the greatness of Him Who stoops so low, and the littleness of those whom He elevates so high.

"Gazing upon the Head of this Divine Saviour crowned with thorns, think on the weakness

and blindness of our mind. Ask Him to be pleased to open our eyes, and to enlighten us with the light of Faith, so that we may in humility recognise what God is and what we are, and that this humble recognition may induce us to keep His commandments, to follow His counsels, and in all things to do His Will.

"At the sight of His pierced Hands, think over His liberality and our parsimony; compare what He gives us with what we give Him. At the sight of His Feet, likewise pierced, consider the alacrity with which He seeks us and our sluggishness in seeking Him. The Wound in His Side, through which He lets us gaze on His Heart exposed, will reveal to you the ineffable tenderness of the love which He manifested towards us, when He would have this sacred Wound to be our nest, our refuge, wishing it to be our door into the Ark amid the deluge of our temptations and tribulations. Beg of Him, that since it was His Will to have His Side opened to prove the greatness of His love for us, He will also in His goodness have ours opened in turn, so that we may lay bare our hearts before Him, show Him our utter misery, and obtain from Him the remedy.

"You ought, my Lord, to enter upon your prayer in a spirit of submission and resignation, resolving to let yourself be guided unresistingly along the path God wishes you to follow, confiding absolutely in His Divine Majesty. Listen attentively to His teaching; whether He withdraws, closing the door and leaving you outside;

or whether He shows His Face to you, taking you by the hand and leading you into His palace, you must take everything from His Hand with complete acquiescence of mind, and should He reprove you for anything, you must humbly confirm His judgment.

"When He deigns to console you, acknowledge your unworthiness, at the same time praising His goodness by which He is induced to manifest Himself to men, making them sharers in His power and His perfections. It is wronging Him greatly to doubt His inclination to shower blessings upon us. He is better pleased to show His magnificence than His justice, and, just as it would be a horrible blasphemy to deny His power to avenge the injuries done Him, so it is a still more horrible one to doubt this same power in that in which He seeks most to display it; I mean in the profusion of His benefits.

"Not to be willing to submit the understanding in prayer, would evince a wish to instruct instead of being instructed, while it is instruction that is principally to be sought for. To act so would be in direct opposition to the end proposed. It is not enough to recognise that we are but dust and ashes; we must possess their qualities, the first of which is to lie on the ground. But, just as it is a property of dust to rise when the wind blows, to remain suspended in air while the wind lasts, and to fall back to earth when it ceases, so with the soul of which it is an emblem. At the beginning of its prayer the soul should be seated low down,

in recognition of its nothingness. As the gentle wind of the Holy Spirit raises it, places it in the Heart of God, and holds it there in order to manifest to it His goodness and power, the soul must know how to enjoy with great thankfulness so precious a favour. For then God introduces it, so to speak, into His most hidden depths, so close is the union He contracts with it, so truly does He treat it as His beloved spouse. Without doubt, it would be an incivility, an unpardonable rudeness, in the wife of a king (a woman of low condition whom he had wedded) to refuse to appear at Court when the king desired her presence, as the Scripture tells us Queen Vashti did, thereby drawing down upon herself the wrath of the king. Our Lord looks with similar feelings of indignation on souls that keep away from Him. He gives us to understand that by His words, 'My delights are to be with the children of men.' From these words it is clear that if every soul should withdraw from God, He would be deprived of His delights. Nor could such conduct be justified by the plea of a sense of unworthiness. It would be rather an indiscretion, a sort of contempt, not to take from God's Hand what He wishes to give us. What should we think of a person in great need who refused the assistance offered to him?

"I have also said that you should be like an earth-worm. Now the property of a worm is to lie flat upon the ground, to be lowly and submissive always, never to lift itself up, even when

trodden under foot, or when pecked at by the birds. Just so it may be said that a soul at prayer is trodden under foot, when the flesh rebels against the spirit; when suggestions without end arise, to prove that it would be far more profitable to be engaged in some other way, as, for example, in helping some neighbour in need of assistance; in studying so as to be better able to preach, or in attending to other affairs. To all this we may answer—that we ought to be more affected by our own needs than by those of others; that well-ordered charity begins at home; that a shepherd who fulfils his obligations should stand on the heights, so as to keep his flock in view and see that it is not devoured by wolves. Now these heights are those of prayer.

"Let us follow out the illustration of the earth-worm. In vain do the birds peck at it; it does not lift itself up; it does not go against the submission it owes to its Creator by remaining in its place. So ought man to stay at his post in prayer, even though the birds of the air—the devils—peck at him, wear him out by images, or importunate suggestions, or anxieties which they excite during this hour, for they seize hold of the fancy, turning it hither and thither in such a way that it carries the heart along with it. To bear patiently with all these distractions, these importunities, is always to derive great fruit from prayer. This is what I call offering one's self as a holocaust—that is to say, letting the victim be entirely consumed in

the fire of temptation, so that nothing of itself remains.

"It must not be imagined that, to remain at prayer without any consolation, is waste of time. On the contrary, it is to gain greatly, for it is to labour without any self-interest, purely for God's glory. For though it may seem to be labour in vain, that happens to the soul, which is the case with children working in their father's field: they are not paid as day-labourers, but receive their recompense at the end of the year.

"There is a close connection between this prayer and that of Our Lord in the Garden of Olives. He besought His Father to spare Him the bitterness, the extreme pain which is undergone, when there is question of overcoming the weakness of human nature. He did not ask to be delivered from sufferings, but from the repugnance of His human nature to those sufferings. What He prayed for was that in the inferior part of the soul the power of the spirit should be communicated to the flesh, in such a way as to make it as ready as the spirit to suffer all. He received no other answer to His prayer but that He must drain the chalice; that is, overcome the weakness of the flesh by enduring it as God's Will. This was to show us that, truly God though He was, He was no less truly man, since like us He was subject to the pain due to sin.

"He who sets himself to pray ought also to resemble the ant in his industry. He ought

never to grow weary of work while the summer sun shines, but must lay in stores of provisions against the winter and the season of heavy rains. Otherwise he must perish like the improvident insects. For man, the time of heavy rains is that of death and judgment.

" Finally, when going to prayer, we must put on the wedding garment, the dress worn at great feasts, on days of rest and relaxation. On these days every one dons his best ; no expense is spared to do honour to the feast ; if it is a success, no one regrets the money he has spent. In the world it is impossible to become a distinguished courtier, an eminent man of letters, without much toil and expense. In the same way, to become a distinguished courtier of Heaven, and to master the science of sciences, we must give up much time and labour hard."

We shall learn more of the saintly Bishop to whom this letter was written in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XXII

THE LAST FOUNDATION—DRAINING THE CHALICE OF SUFFERING

THE Papal brief by which the Discalced Carmelites were erected into a separate Province was granted by Gregory XIII., on 22nd June 1580. Various circumstances delayed its promulgation till the year following, when, as we have seen, the famous Chapter of Alcala was held, and Father Jerome Gratian elected Provincial of the Reform. St Teresa was at Palencia, taking an earnest and effective part in the acts of the Chapter, both by her prayers and her letters. The Constitutions she had drawn up for her daughters were solemnly approved, and those of Father Gratian for the friars were revised and promulgated 13th March 1581. Four days later the Chapter was closed, fervent thanksgivings ascended from every heart that loved the Saint, and realised all that she had suffered for the Reform of Carmel, and both branches of the Order prepared to pursue their separate ways in peace and fraternal charity. At the end of May Teresa set out from Palencia to make the foundation at Soria, where the pious Bishop of Osma awaited her coming with joy.

This prelate was so dear to the Saint, so highly

esteemed by her on account of his great virtue and learning, that we feel sure she would desire some details of his life to be recorded here. He was that Alphonso Velasquez who, when Canon and Professor in Toledo, had become her director, to the great advantage and comfort of her soul. He had experienced great attractions towards a solitary and contemplative life, but Teresa had always wished to see him a bishop, for she recognised his fitness for that dignity, and the eminent services he was capable of rendering the Church. Nevertheless, when he announced to her his nomination to the See of Osma, she was greatly troubled by the consideration of the heavy burden laid upon him. As usual, she took her trouble to Our Lord, Who at once calmed her anxiety, saying, "He will be of very great use to Me." Events justified this prediction, for both by his constant increase in personal holiness, and his unwearying zeal in the discharge of his pastoral office, he won the esteem and affection of his flock, and triumphed over the persecutions and calumnies set on foot by his enemies. True to the counsel given him by St Teresa, he never allowed his arduous duties to interfere with his regular times for prayer, and when threatened with complete loss of sight, he openly rejoiced at the thought that he could then resign his bishopric and live as a hermit. Translated from the See of Osma to that of Compostella, he finally obtained permission, on account of his infirmities, which he conscientiously felt rendered him incapable of the proper

government of the archdiocese, to retire to Talavera, where he died in the odour of sanctity.

While Teresa was at Palencia, this good Bishop wrote from Soria, where he then was, to tell her of a penitent of his, a rich lady, who at his suggestion wished to found a convent of the Reform. She owned a most suitable house in Soria, which she was willing to give to the Carmelites, together with sufficient endowment and everything needed for the foundation. The offer was too good to be refused. Moreover, Teresa greatly desired to give pleasure to the Bishop, as well as to have an opportunity of conferring with him upon the state of her soul. So, with the approbation of the Provincial, she sent for seven nuns, who were to be the foundation-stones, and under the guidance of two friars, the party set out for Soria.

"There was hardly anything to suffer on this journey," writes the Saint; "the weather was magnificent, and we travelled by short stages. . . . It was an exceeding great joy to me to listen to what people said of the holy life of the Bishop." The Carmelites reached Soria towards evening; they had to pass the Bishop's house, where he stood at a window to give them his blessing—"a great comfort," as Teresa says, "being the blessing of a Bishop and a Saint." The foundress stood at the door of the house she had given for the convent, and where she had provided abundantly for the wants of the sisters. A handsome room had been fitted up as a temporary chapel, and there Mass was said

next morning. The Bishop had given them a fine church near the house, from which a covered passage could easily be made for the nuns. When this had been done, the solemn installation of the Blessed Sacrament, and the setting up of the enclosure, took place on the Feast of the Transfiguration, 1581. We are noting dates now, for we are counting the months to the death of our Saint, little more than a year hence.

In spite of the great heat, she set out for Avila, where her presence was greatly needed, and where, after a very difficult and wearisome journey, with a week's interval of rest at Segovia, she arrived on 6th September. The little convent was in great straits, spiritually and temporally. The legacies of Don Francis de Salcedo and Don Lorenzo de Cepeda were far from sufficient for its support; yet, as these had fostered an idea that the Carmelites wanted for nothing, alms ceased to be given them. Some of the sisters were harassed by scruples, others lost courage, and the young Prioress, Mary of Christ, wrote to the Provincial to beg that Teresa might take her place. On 10th September he arrived at St Joseph's, accepted the resignation of the Prioress, and assembled the community for a new election. Every vote but her own was given to the Saint, who protested earnestly against the choice the nuns had made. She was too old, too weak, too worn out; she needed a time of solitude and peace, to prepare for death, and so on. Her pleadings and argu-

ments were cut short by Father Gratian's bidding her kiss the ground. As she bent to do so, he intoned the Te Deum, when the sisters joyfully led her to the stall of the Prioress in the choir. How often in the years that had passed since last she knelt there had her heart turned lovingly to that dear cradle of her Reform! How she had prayed, if it were God's Will, that she might end her days within its walls! He had brought her back for a time, but there was more of sorrow than of joy in the home-coming, as she wrote to Father Gratian: "It costs my heart something to live in this city, where I have no longer the friends of olden times, nor my brother Lorenzo. The worst of all is the having to be occupied with the affairs of those who remain." Those who remained were the unfortunate Don Pedro, and the scarcely less to be pitied sister of the Saint, Juana de Ahumada, whom Teresa is persuading to return to Avila with her husband and daughter. They are in great poverty, and her niece, Beatriz, has been the victim of a calumny which has caused much anxiety. Don Lorenzo's legacy to St Joseph's and the dowry of his daughter Teresita, who is soon to be professed there, are subjects of dispute among other relatives, and of much suffering to the Saint. Inside the convent, too, the old familiar faces no longer appear—many have gone to other foundations, some have gone to their last home. Close union with God seems only to have made her more tender-hearted, and so her life has become a state of pure love and suffering.

In spite of her many cares at Avila, two important foundations had to be made—Granada and Burgos. The first she confided to Mother Anne of Jesus, already known and revered in Andalusia as the saintly Prioress of Veas. That of Burgos, which certain eminent Jesuits had for six years been urging her to make, but which the troubles of the Reform had hitherto prevented, she herself undertook. She left Avila, never to return, on 2nd January 1582, the last year of her life. She still entertained the hope of bringing back for her profession the dear niece Teresita, whom she was taking with her to Burgos, in order to free her from the importunities of her relatives in Avila with regard to her father's will. It was bitterly cold, and the roads were almost impassable, often invisible from the snow which covered them, while the waters of the swollen streams rose high above the bridges. Suffering intensely from an inflamed throat, and the paralysis which made movement often all but impossible, she reached Medina, where she rested a while, and where the touch of her hand restored a sister to health. From Medina to Valladolid, and thence to Palencia, she pushed on, confiding in Our Lord's promise that He would be with her all the way. Between Palencia and Burgos the danger of being drowned was imminent at a place called the Bridges, where the floods had entirely covered the track, while one step off the right path would have led the carriages into deep water.

The nuns who were with Teresa thought their last hour had arrived; they begged to make their confession to the Provincial who accompanied them, and they besought the Saint to bless them for the last time. "Courage, daughters," she said, "what greater happiness could you wish for than to perish here, if so it must be, for the love of Jesus Christ, thus becoming martyrs in His cause. Let me pass. I will cross first. If I am drowned, you must advance no further, but go back to the inn." With these words she stepped into the water. Her foot slipped, but she was held safely up by an invisible hand. "Ah, Lord," she cried, "when will you cease to scatter difficulties along our way?" "Do not complain," was the answer, "this is how I treat My friends." "Ah, Lord," replied the Saint, "that is why you have so few." She passed on, followed in safety by the whole company. The danger was over, and the gates of Burgos were entered on 26th January 1582.

Doña Catalina de Tolosa, a rich widow, four of whose daughters were already Carmelites, had provided abundantly for the needs of the travellers. Teresa, however, fell so ill that she was forced to remain in bed, while negotiations were carried on between the foundress, the Provincial, and the Archbishop, who, greatly to their surprise, declared that, unless they had a suitable convent and sufficient revenues, the Carmelites might return whence they had come. "Truly," writes the Saint, "the roads were in a charming condition, the weather magnificent,

for us to set out on the return journey ! " She follows up this gently ironical exclamation by a loving complaint to Our Lord for always rewarding a service by a cross—a priceless boon to those who realise its value, but not exactly what the Carmelites wished for at that moment.

Nearly a month elapsed before they were settled, even in the temporary cloister prepared for them in the Hospital of the Conception, where there was a chapel in which the Blessed Sacrament was reserved and Mass said daily. This meant everything to the nuns, though their rooms were of the smallest and poorest. They could love, and they could suffer ; they could sing the Divine praises and give forth " the good odour of Christ." They were not yet actually enclosed, so that Teresa could visit the sick who were in great need of consolation, and to whom her mere passing by seemed to bring relief. If delicious fruit was sent to her she bestowed it upon them, and felt again the joy with which in the early days of her religious life she had ministered to the sick. She visited, too, by order of her Superiors, the many convents in Burgos, to their great delight and edification. All this made the Carmelites better known, and in spite of further difficulties and delay, a house was obtained, the Archbishop gave his consent, and Teresa's last foundation was made, when, on 18th April 1582, the Divine Master came to take possession of the Carmel of Burgos.

About a month later, on the Feast of the Ascension, the River Arlanzon, swollen by the

heavy rains, overflowed its banks, and inundated the city. The people fled to the neighbouring heights, but Teresa had the Blessed Sacrament taken to the topmost room of the convent, where she bade the nuns form a Guard of Honour round Our Lord, and entreat His protection for themselves and for the city. So the day passed "in silence and in hope." At nightfall, the waters began to recede, and the city was saved. The Archbishop, in common with all the citizens of Burgos, attributed their escape from destruction to the prayers of the Carmelites, especially to the presence of her whom they openly styled "the Saint," and one of the friars came to tell her she had been canonised by the people. "My son," she replied, "when I was young they said I was beautiful, and I believed them; later on, they found that I was gifted with prudence, and again I let myself believe it—I accused myself in confession of vanity each time. As to what they say to-day, I can assure you that I have never been deluded on that point so far as to be tempted to believe it even for a moment."

During her stay at Burgos Teresa finished the *Book of the Foundations*, gave various instructions, wrote letters, and occupied herself with the projected foundation at Madrid. That foundation was put off, however, and with her niece, Teresita, and the faithful Anne of St Bartholomew, she left Burgos towards the end of July. The farewells were even more sorrowful than usual, and it was remarked that the

Saint did not endeavour, as formerly, to repress either her own or the sisters' emotion, or to hinder the marks of loving veneration which accompanied their tears. She would have liked to go direct to Avila, but the Provincial desired her to stop at Palencia, where the Prioress, Isabel of Jesus, had obtained permission to keep her for a month. There she was the object of every attention and care that the tenderness of her daughters could invent, so that on 3rd August she was able to write to the Prioress of Burgos: "My throat is better; it is a long time since I felt so well. . . . The cell in which I am is delightful and cool. The house is altogether better than I thought: everything about it clean and well-ordered, so that looking round the eye meets contentment on all sides."

A few days later she writes that the Father Provincial desires her to visit Salamanca and Alba, before returning to Avila. She has already written to Alba to announce her coming, and to say that she expects to remain there for the winter. Did she know already that it was to be her last resting-place? Before the end of August she went to Valladolid, where she expected to remain until the Feast of Our Lady's Nativity. She did not leave until 16th September, when she went to Medina. The last two months had brought her much suffering, both of mind and body. Bodily pain she could always meet courageously. Mental sufferings, especially when caused, as at this time, by those who should have spared her any anxiety or

sorrow—her own relatives, disputing the will of her brother Lorenzo—these were far harder to bear, and they doubtless hastened her end. "You would be afraid, daughters," she wrote from Valladolid, "if you could witness the pain I endure here, and the anxious business that is wearing me out." Even the Prioress, her own niece, Mary Baptist, the brilliant and warm-hearted Maria de Ocampo of some twenty years ago, took part with the others against her, accusing her of wronging Don Lorenzo's children. This must have been a sore trial to Teresa, who had no doubt looked for more wisdom and sympathy on the part of Mary Baptist. She seems, however, to have been always somewhat self-opinionated, and perhaps unduly solicitous for the honour of her family. How bitterly she must have grieved in after time at the coldness and opposition she manifested towards her aunt on this occasion!

Teresa, on her side, evinced the tenderest and most forgiving affection. She said a few words to the nuns before leaving, which are a proof that the charity of her heart and the wisdom of her mind remained undiminished:—

"My daughters, I go from this house filled with consolation at the perfection I see in it—its poverty, your mutual charity. If it continues in this state, God will greatly assist you. Therefore let each one strive that not a single point of religious perfection shall be lost through her fault. Do not perform your exercises by routine. Make of them heroic acts, and of each

day one of greater perfection. Accustom yourselves to form great desires of virtue. They will be of great advantage to your souls, though you may never be able to carry them out in effect."

The Saint's words were brave and true, but she must have uttered them with an aching heart. She was drawing nearer and nearer to Calvary, and the last stations of her Way of the Cross were the most bitter, because she was being forsaken, and treated with coldness and contempt by those most dear to her. Her love for them had been purified and supernaturalised, but it was all the more tender and real. It was the distinctive note in her sanctity that her heart remained to the last keenly sensitive and warmly affectionate, while entirely detached from the world. So Our Lord, during these last days of her life, kept on refining the gold in the crucible of pain, and adding to her glory as well as to His own.

She was undergoing fresh anxieties, too, on account of the friars of the Reform, who were being disturbed by reports of Father Gratian's unfitness for his post. He was accused of many faults and defects of character, and Teresa did not fail to call his attention to them. She was never to see him on earth again, but when the crisis of his trials came, she must surely have pleaded his cause so well in the heavenly court that his earthly disgrace must have been turned to his eternal advantage. He had always been a great servant of Mary, and it was for her sake

he had joined the Reform of Mount Carmel, to which he had rendered invaluable services. Such was the Saint's reasoned judgment to the very end of her life. It could not but count in his favour after her death, notwithstanding the severe sentence of expulsion from the Order which was passed upon him. It is something of a mystery, for the solution of which we must await the day when "out of many hearts thoughts shall be revealed."

CHAPTER XXIII

LAST DAYS ON EARTH

On 16th September 1582 St Teresa reached Medina, where the Vice-Provincial, Father Antonio of Jesus, had told her to meet him, that he might conduct her to Alba. This was to sacrifice, through obedience, her great desire to return to Avila with Teresita for her Profession. The sacrifice was made with the Saint's ordinary sweetness and humility, but it was to be accentuated by the conduct of the Prioress of Medina, who took offence at some little observation made by Teresa on entering the convent. It was evening, and the worn-out Foundress retired to her cell, deeply grieved, and unable either to sleep or to eat. Next morning she set out still fasting, and though the Duchess of Alva, whose request for a visit from the Saint had been the cause of this painful journey, sent a carriage to bring her, she did not think of sending any food, so that when the party reached Peñeranda, a village about halfway between Medina and Alba, Teresa was fainting with hunger, and begged for something to eat. Anne of St Bartholomew could get nothing but a few dried figs, and, almost beside herself with grief, handed four reals to a person

standing by, asking her to procure a couple of eggs at any price. They were not to be had, and Teresa did her best to console her faithful companion, assuring her that the figs were very good, that many poor people would be very glad of them, and that it was God Who permitted all that was happening. Next day there was nothing better to be had than a few boiled herbs, which only increased her sickness, but, as Sister Anne afterwards said, " The end was near ; God was testing her in every way ; she bore her trials as Saints are wont to do."

It was about six in the evening of 20th September when she reached Alba, far too ill and exhausted for Father Antonio to think of conducting her to the castle where the Duchess awaited her. They went straight to the convent, where the nuns joyfully gathered round her ; but the Prioress, seeing the deathly pallor of her face, induced her to go to bed at once. She let herself be almost carried to her cell, saying, with a smile, " How tired I am ! It is twenty years, my dear daughters, since I have gone to bed so early. Thank God it is here with you that I have fallen ill." Next morning she rose as usual to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion. The Duchess came to see her, she had private interviews with the sisters, and for the next few days followed the exercises of the community as far as possible.

On St Michael's Day, 29th September, she became so ill during Mass that, after receiving Holy Communion, she went back to bed. Her

cell was at some distance from the choir, so she begged to be removed to a little infirmary from which she could see the sanctuary. All that day was spent in silent prayer by the dying Saint. Her sisters passed from the infirmary to the oratory, and back again, plunged in grief, and entreating Heaven to leave their Mother to them yet a little while. The night came on, and her soul grew every moment more closely united to her Beloved, Who, during those silent hours, revealed to her that she was soon to behold His unveiled Face. She said nothing of it at the moment, only in calm simplicity and joyous trust made ready for the last journey. Already the heavenly company was gathering in the little cell, to which the doctors had ordered her to be brought back, since it was warmer and more convenient than the infirmary. Already Mary's angels were wafting sweet odours round the deathbed of her child, and a new star was descending to illuminate the sky above it. These and other wondrous signs of the glorious reception awaiting the Saint were manifested to several witnesses.

On 2nd October she made her last confession; on the 3rd she begged for the Holy Viaticum. It was sunset, when the sisters knelt with lights around her, to welcome the coming of the Spouse. Joining her hands, she humbly said to them: "My daughters, and *señoras mias*, forgive me for the bad example I have set you, and do not imitate me who have been the greatest sinner in the world, and the most lax

member of the Order in keeping the Constitutions. I beg you, for the love of God, to observe them perfectly, and to obey your Superiors. If you do this as you are bound to do, no other miracles will be required for your canonisation." Then, amid the prayers and sobs of the sisters, was heard the tinkling of the little bell which announced the coming of the Blessed Sacrament. As Father Antonio carried the Sacred Host into her cell, the Saint rose to her knees, and would the next instant have been prostrate on the ground had not her sisters restrained her. Her face glowed with heavenly beauty, and in a transport of love she exclaimed : " O my Lord, and my beloved Spouse, the hour so greatly longed for has come at last ! It is time that we should see one another. Behold the moment of my departure ! It is time for me to quit this life. Be Thou blessed a thousand times ! And may Thy good pleasure be accomplished ! Let my soul come and be united to Thee. It has waited so long."

The last thanksgiving after Holy Communion made on earth by St Teresa ! How did her soul magnify the Lord ? How did her spirit rejoice ? What title-deeds to Heaven did she seek to show? Did she recall the visions and the raptures with which she had been favoured ? Did she remind Our Lord how she laboured, how she had suffered in Carmel for His and Our Lady's honour ? Not so. There was one exultant cry, which each of us may echo when our time comes : " After all, Lord, I am a child of Holy Church ! "

There were repeated prayers for pardon, taken from the *Miserere*: "A contrite and humble heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise! Cast me not away from Thy Face, and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me! Create a clean heart in me, O God!" So the day wore on, until, about nine o'clock, the Saint begged for the Last Anointing. She joined fervently in the prayers of the Liturgy, which she knew and loved so well, and all through the night kept murmuring, "Cor contritum et humiliatum, Deus non despicias."

At daybreak, on 4th October, the Feast of St Francis of Assisi, Sister Anne of St Bartholomew made everything about the Saint as pure and white as possible, for she knew how Teresa loved cleanliness, and would wish to be even externally prepared for her approaching bridal. She was repaid for her thoughtful care by a smile upon the dying lips. Towards evening Teresa herself laid her head in the arms of the devoted lay-sister—a significant act to all around, but whose meaning could only be fully realised by Him in Whose pure love those two souls were one. The soul of one Saint was longing to depart; the soul of the other could not let it go. Then, as Anne tells us, Our Lord made her conscious of His own presence in great Majesty, with many Saints in His company. The vision lasted for about the space of a *Credo*, until Anne was so impressed and consoled that she told Our Lord that, since she had beheld the glory which awaited

Teresa, she would not ask for her to be deprived of it one moment longer. Later on Teresita, who was present, declared that the brightness of Our Lord's presence was reflected from Anne's face in such a way as to illuminate the whole cell and draw upon her the gaze of all the sisters there. At last the glory faded as Teresa gently breathed her last, passing away in an ecstasy of love. No word escaped her lips; only the smile upon them told of the Presence in which she lay dying. Towards nine o'clock, with three little sighs, her soul passed, and Anne of St Bartholomew beheld it as a dove flying away to its rest in the Bosom of God.

At that moment Anne of Jesus was lying dangerously ill at Granada. She had just received the Last Sacraments, and had asked to be left alone with Our Lord. Suddenly she beheld close by her a nun in the Carmelite habit, but surrounded by such brightness that her features could not be distinguished. While she continued gazing at the vision, she was filled with intense respect and esteem for the religious life, with its smallest rules and observances. She conceived an earnest desire to speak to her sisters on this subject, and to tell them how small a sacrifice life itself would be in exchange for the glory to be gained by fidelity to the customs of the Order. Anne took the vision as an intimation of her approaching end, and asked to see her confessor. She had realised that, in one of the convents, there were matters to be

set right, and she wished this to be done. She immediately began to recover, however, and by the time the news reached Granada that Teresa had died at Alba just when she had seen the vision, Anne of Jesus was completely restored to health.

Appearing to the Prioress of Veas on the day after her death, "My daughter," she said, "the happiness I now enjoy in the Beatific Vision I owe, not to revelations or ecstasies, but to the practice of virtue." A little later, to a young religious who was greatly perturbed by her constantly repeated failures in little things, she said: "My child, your Divine Spouse holds your will enclosed in His own, and in making use of it, will always act against your inclinations." "But, Mother," replied the nun, "that is too sublime for me. I am so weak in the smallest encounters." "God will give you strength," returned the Mother, "and that when you least expect it. To suffer, and to overcome self, in very little things, is the sure road to self-conquest in great trials."

To Father Gratian the Saint appeared several times. "My son," she said on one occasion, "if anything could make me wish to be on earth again, it would be the desire to suffer more there than I have done already." Another time she said to him: "We in Heaven and you on earth should be one in purity and love; we in Heaven, contemplating the Divine Essence; you in exile, adoring the Most Holy Sacrament; we in enjoyment, you in suffering; but the more

you suffer on earth, the greater your enjoyment in Heaven."

That Teresa of Jesus had straightway taken her place in those Seraph hosts whose enjoyment of the Beatific Vision is most perfect, none could doubt. The day of her death, 4th October (according to the Old Style of reckoning by the Julian Calendar), became that year (1582) 15th October, through the introduction of the New Style, according to the Gregorian Calendar, which required the suppression of eleven days. This was the date chosen thirty years later as her Festival. Meantime the voice of the people proclaimed her sanctity, and numerous favours obtained and miracles worked by her intercession bore witness to her power with God. Her body, interred at Alba, was, with the approbation of the General Chapter, removed to Avila three years later. It was still incorrupt, and emitted a fragrant odour. In 1589, at the request of the Duke of Alva, the son of St Teresa's Duchess Maria Henriquez, the body was again removed to its first resting-place by command of Pope Sixtus V. In 1594 Mother Anne of Jesus, passing through Alba on her way to Salamanca, obtained permission to venerate the sacred remains. Had she a supernatural intuition of the prodigy which would be revealed when the coffin was opened? There lay the Saint's body, not only still incorrupt and fragrant, but with blood flowing from parts, as if it were living still. Miracles were multiplied through the intercession of the Saint, and her

works, published at Salamanca in 1588-9, soon spread through Spain and beyond the Pyrenees.

Petitions for her solemn beatification and canonisation rapidly succeeded each other until, in 1622, Gregory XV. "pronounced the 'Fiat' for whose utterance the Church was longing," and raised to her altars Teresa of Jesus, in the glorious company of Saints Ignatius Loyola, Philip Neri, Francis Xavier, and Isidore, who were canonised on the same day. Then indeed was her sepulchre made glorious. Her statue, with its inscription, "Mater Spiritualium," stands near the entrance to St Peter's, proclaiming her, if not actually Doctor of the Church, always Mother and Teacher of Souls. So in the Collect for her Feast, we are taught to ask "cœlestis ejus doctrinæ pabulo nutriamur," that our souls may be nourished by her heavenly doctrine.

Her shrine at Alba, towards which pilgrims from all parts began to direct their steps, called for the enlargement and beautifying of the little church, by the addition of two transepts, a sanctuary, and a cupola. The body of the Saint was placed at the back of the high altar, between two gratings, one in the wall of the church, the other in that of the adjoining cloister. The arcade beneath which the body rests is marble; the urn enclosing it is marble encrusted with jasper. Seated on the urn is a Seraph with a dart, symbolising the transpiercing of the Saint's heart; kneeling beside him is an angel holding the Virgin's Crown. The grating on the side

of the church is of silver. On the other side is a door opening from the nuns' oratory, which comprises two rooms, in the lower of which are preserved the left arm and the transpierced heart of the Saint, both incorrupt. Alba is therefore incomparably rich in relics of St Teresa, but Rome, Avila, Seville, Paris, Brussels, have their treasures, and if England cannot rival these places in this respect, our country has its share of treasures in one sense greater—her books, translated by loving hearts and competent hands; and the Convents of her Reform founded either by those first English Carmelites who received the Spirit and the Constitutions of St Teresa direct from her own Spanish daughters in the Low Countries, or by those not less directly connected with St Teresa, through the Convent of the Incarnation in Paris, founded by Mother Anne of Jesus.

CHAPTER XXIV

EXTENSION OF THE REFORM

In order to grasp the truth that the English Carmelites of to-day inherit, in direct line, the true spirit of St Teresa, we must realise the work done after her death by her great daughter, who so earnestly wished to found herself a Carmel in England. Mother Anne of Jesus was "the nearest thing to Teresa herself." The holy and learned Dominican, Father Banez, goes so far as to say that she equalled the Saint in spiritual gifts, and excelled her in those of nature. To her the Foundress had written before her reception into the Order: "I shall not look upon you as an inferior, or as a novice, but as my companion and coadjutrix." Later on she addressed her as "my daughter and my crown," and after her death she appeared to her many times, healing her in sickness, consoling and counselling her in difficulties and distress, and warmly thanking her for the services she had rendered to the Reform.

No wonder then that after the death of St Teresa, Anne of Jesus was looked upon by friars and nuns alike as the truest representative of her spirit. She carried in heart and mind as no other could the ideal of Carmel conceived

by Teresa of Jesus, and to her it was given to prove her love by suffering heroically to preserve intact the work of the Reform, and promote its extension. It was she who, when the opposition of the Friars of the Mitigation had threatened the very existence of the Reform, had brought, like the Holy Women at the time of the Resurrection, an example of faith and courage and constancy before the eyes of the men. It was she who had pointed out what should be done, and who had, moreover, seen to the doing of it.

"I can never thank God enough," wrote St Teresa to her at the time, "for the favour He has done me in calling you to our Order, for, just as when He brought the Israelites out of Egypt, He sent a pillar before them to enlighten and guide them during the night, and to defend them during the day; so, it seems to me, does He now show the strength of His Arm with regard to our Order, and you, my dear daughter, are the pillar guiding, enlightening, and defending us. Nothing could have been planned more wisely, or more happily carried out, than what you have done for our religious who are setting out for Rome. It is easy to see that God dwells in your soul: there is so much grace, such noble-mindedness in everything you undertake. May Our Lord, Whose glory is the sole end you have in view, reward you for it!"

In 1582, when the struggle had been brought to a happy issue, and Teresa was already in sight of the haven where she was longing to be,

she sent Mother Anne of Jesus in her place to found a Carmel at Granada. This was the first step in that wonderful extension of the Reform, which brought her into touch with the princes and great ones of the earth at Madrid, at Paris, and at Brussels, for she was destined to carry the Reform into France and Flanders, and by her ardent desires, her prayers, her letters and instructions, to give the first impulse to the English Carmel.

The idea of a foundation beyond the Pyrenees was conceived during the very year that St Teresa died. A young Frenchman of Spanish descent, living in Rouen, was sent by his father to settle some family affairs in Spain. In 1582, M. de Bretigny arrived in Seville, where he was introduced by a friend to Mother Mary of St Joseph, Prioress of the Carmelite Convent. So greatly was he impressed and edified by all he saw and heard of the Reform, that he ardently desired to see it extended to France. After several interviews with Father Gratian, he resolved to devote both life and fortune to secure this end ; but many years were to elapse before it could be realised. In 1601 St Teresa appeared to Madame Acarie, now Blessed Mary of the Incarnation, and told her that God willed her to procure the introduction of the Reform into France. The difficulties seemed almost insuperable, but St Teresa appeared a second time, to promise that they would all be successfully overcome. St Francis of Sales brought the weight of his influence to bear in favour of the

undertaking, and finally the Divine Spirit so moved the hearts of all concerned that in 1604 the Convent of the Incarnation was founded in Paris.

M. de Bretigny, Madame Acarie, and all who had a hand in introducing into France the Reform of St Teresa, were urgent in their request that it might be brought from Spain by nuns who had imbibed its true spirit from the Saint herself. Mother Anne of Jesus was therefore chosen Prioress of the Paris Carmel. She was accompanied by four other Spanish Mothers, and the saintly lay-sister, Anne of St Bartholomew, and reached Paris on 15th October 1604. On the Feast of All Saints she gave the habit of the Reform to the first three French novices. She had brought with her the Constitutions of St Teresa, which M. de Bretigny had already translated into French. From the outset, therefore, the same spirit, the same rule, the same customs were to be found in Paris as in Avila or Seville, and Mother Anne of Jesus often said to the French novices, "This is the way I have seen things done by our Holy Mother, Teresa of Jesus. I do not want to teach you anything new, but only to keep what she has begun." One of the nuns having put a stitch in her veil for greater convenience, she reproved her, saying: "May God deliver us from all new-fangled ways! Let us never change the smallest thing ordained by our Holy Mother."

Many a little incident, charming in its simplicity, has been recorded, showing the import-

ance attached by the Spanish Mothers to the smallest details of everyday life. They noted, for example, whether the novices partook simply and cheerfully of whatever was placed before them, and when one of the first novices trained by them came to be Prioress in her turn, she showed her fidelity to their teaching by saying, "If a novice were an angel and did not eat like the rest, I would never consent to her profession." Love of manual labour, too, was carefully inculcated by the Spanish Mothers, who were never idle even at recreation-time. "Talk and work," they would say to the novices, "work and talk."

Openness of heart, bright and simple manners, they declared to be essential characteristics of a perfect Carmelite. Mother Anne of Jesus herself set the example, stringing her verses together as the great feasts came round, and helping her novices with the little mystery plays, by which they at once celebrated the feasts and enlivened the recreations. No time was spent over rehearsals. The novices got up the Scripture history, or the Saint's biography, and then spontaneously acted the part which fell to their lot. The effect produced by their extempore speeches, often in Spanish for the delight of the Mothers, may be imagined, and must have been in the best sense recreative, for, beneath this childlike gaiety, and preserved by it from vain glory or weariness in well-doing, were the solid Carmelite virtues of prayer and penance, humility and zeal for souls.

The seed wafted across the Pyrenees had indeed fallen on excellent soil, and in 1605 we find Mother Anne of Jesus writing to Spain: "We have founded another convent seven leagues from here, in a town called Pontoise. . . . We gave the black veil with all solemnity to Sister Anne of St Bartholomew, in order that she might go thither as Prioress. I went with her to make the foundation. . . . I left Mother Isabella of St Paul as Sub-prioress, so that I was able to return to Paris at the end of eight days. My return was greatly desired, as the affection which they have conceived for us is very great; it is in fact a true miracle, because in general there is very little sympathy with the Spanish. Therefore, every one is greatly astonished to see such love and close union amongst us. The French (novices) declare that no children of the same father and mother in this kingdom love one another as we do. They are also surprised to see how from the moment they take the habit, their souls advance in perfection."

Not long after the foundation of the Paris Carmel, Mother Anne of Jesus received a visit from an old friend, Doña Beatriz Zamudio. This lady had known and loved St Teresa well, and had ardently desired to be admitted among her nuns. The Saint had assured her that such was not the Will of God in her regard, but that she would render Him great service in the position in which He had placed her. She assumed, through devotion, the name of Mag-

dalen of St Jerome, a significant combination, when we consider how "Mary sat at His Feet," even in the banquet-hall, and Jerome found his delight in the pondering over His sacred words, and explaining their beauty and force to the great Roman ladies. Doña Beatriz accompanied "the Archdukes," Albert and Isabella, to Flanders, in the train of the Infanta, who, it will be remembered, was the daughter of Philip II., and, therefore, most favourably disposed towards the Reform, which her royal father had always honoured and protected. Doña Beatriz paid a short visit to Spain in 1605, and on her return journey passed through Paris to see Mother Anne of Jesus. She was filled with admiration at the "beginnings of the Reform" in France, and resolved to do all in her power to secure the foundation of a Carmel in Brussels. The Infanta entered heartily into her views, as did her husband, the Archduke. Isabella, therefore, sent for M. de Bretigny, to whom she entrusted a letter, written by her own hand, to urge Mother Anne of Jesus to come and make the foundation as soon as possible. St Teresa had revealed to the Venerable Mother that she was to carry the Reform into a third kingdom, and she understood that the moment had arrived for the fulfilment of this prediction. The French Superiors regretted her departure deeply, but they could not oppose it, lest they should be hindering the extension of the Reform and the spread of God's greater glory. The convent at Brussels was founded in the January

of 1607. Later in the year, foundations were made at Louvain and at Mons.

To Mons in 1611 came Mother Anne of St Bartholomew, hoping to end her days in that humble solitude, which is the peace and joy of every true Carmelite. Our Lord, however, had a work for her to do elsewhere, for which He had already "disposed all things sweetly." During the previous year the Discalced Friars of the Italian Province had founded a monastery in Brussels. The nuns in the Low Countries gladly passed under their jurisdiction, and in 1612 the Provincial, Father Thomas of Jesus, decided upon a foundation at Antwerp, with Mother Anne of St Bartholomew as Prioress. When he arrived unannounced at Mons, to conduct her to her destination, she lovingly complained to Our Lord of so unexpected a cross; but He reassured her, saying, "Have no fears. This convent will shed its light, as a flaming torch, through all the land."

To us this foundation is of singular interest, for among the nuns chosen to accompany the Prioress was Mother Anne of the Ascension, Anne Worsley, the first Englishwoman to embrace the Reform. She was especially dear to the Venerable Mother Anne of St Bartholomew, who spared no pains to instil into her soul the true spirit of St Teresa. Eventually she became the first Prioress of the Convent of English Carmelites, founded in Antwerp in 1619, and afterwards transferred to Lanherne, Cornwall. In this Carmel, Mother Anne of Jesus,

still Prioress at Brussels when it was founded, must have beheld with joy a partial realisation of one of the most cherished desires of her great apostolic heart. As early as April 1607, only three months after her arrival in Brussels, we find her thoughts occupied with the possibility of an English foundation. "May God arrange all for His glory," she writes to Father Diego Guevara, "and give us an opening in England." Again, in 1618, worn out as she was by sufferings of mind and body, and with the burden of her seventy-three years upon her, we find her writing: "If only a door were opened into England I would, in spite of my infirmities, make my way thither. I cannot even move, but with such assistance as I could obtain, I would make the attempt. May His Divine Majesty so arrange that I may be able to go!"

Her great desire to found a convent in England had probably been increased by the departure from Brussels of the first English Carmelite missionary, Father Simon Stock of St Mary (Thomas Doughty), who landed in England in 1615. The gate by which the nuns were to enter this country, however, was the English foundation at Antwerp. Of this the Venerable Mother wrote: "It is well to consider carefully of what sort the English are. Their convent is already finished, and there is nothing to fear as to those now about to enter it. They are thoroughly Catholic." Manriquez, the old Spanish biographer, adds that Mother Anne "wished to go in person to England; though shortly before,

while still in good health, she had felt quite unable to go to Poland."

In 1621 Mother Anne of Jesus died, and the Carmelite Provincial, wishing to exchange the Constitutions of 1581 for others in which some alterations had been made, the English Convent at Antwerp preferred to pass from the jurisdiction of the friars to that of the Bishop of the diocese. To the Carmelites in England, whose convents have sprung from that first English foundation, it is naturally a subject of special thanksgiving that they were thus enabled to preserve the Constitutions as St Teresa herself made and observed them.

CHAPTER XXV

THE ENGLISH CARMELITES IN THE NETHERLANDS

THE same year that saw the mission to England of the first English friar of the Reform, had also witnessed the arrival of Father Thomas Maxwell from the English College at Douai. Three months after his landing in England he was apprehended while making his thanksgiving after Mass, and after a long imprisonment under barbarous treatment, was executed at Tyburn on 1st July 1616. All this had taken place despite the efforts of the Spanish Ambassador and other foreign Catholics in London at the time, for James I. stood in too great fear of his Puritan ministers and Members of Parliament to risk any sign of leaning towards the old religion. Instead of keeping his promises of toleration and justice to all, he had increased the burdens laid upon Catholics by Elizabeth. Fine followed fine, imprisonment followed loss of lands and fortune, and so incessant were the domiciliary visits and arrests, so violent the methods employed, that no Catholic man or woman could be sure of an hour's peace by day or by night.

As these facts became known in the Spanish Netherlands, what wonder that the heroic spirit

of Mother Anne of Jesus longed to lead her daughters into the enemy's camp, so that with their armour of prayer and penance, and their fiery darts of Divine love, they might bring to naught the devices of the evil one, and check his advance? What wonder that, since this was, for the time at least, impossible, she gladly welcomed to the Low Countries the heroic Englishwomen who crossed the seas, to begin on foreign soil the life of immolation and intercession they longed to live in, and for, their own land? Among them was the Lady Mary Lovell, daughter of Baron Roper of Teynham (whose family was connected with that of William Roper, son-in-law of Blessed Thomas More), and widow of Sir Robert Lovell. Having received in prayer a revelation to the effect that the Blessed Virgin desired the foundation of an English Carmel, Lady Mary laid the matter before her spiritual director, a priest of the Society of Jesus, who counselled her to apply to the Provincial of the Reform, Father Thomas of Jesus. Some of the conditions proposed were not acceptable to the Provincial, who took no further step until, after the lapse of a year, Our Lady herself appeared to him, showing her displeasure at his not having permitted the foundation of a convent in which, she said, God would be greatly honoured, and she herself most faithfully served. She bade him seek out a house in the most convenient situation, and see that all the arrangements were carried out in the most perfect manner. He at once accepted

Lady Lovell's conditions, and obtained from the Infanta permission to establish an English Carmel, in whatever part of her dominions seemed best to him. He selected, in Antwerp, a spot afterwards recognised by Mother Anne of the Ascension, the first English Prioress, as that shown to her previously in a vision. Mass was said in the new Carmel on 12th May 1619; the Blessed Sacrament was reserved there about three weeks later, when, through the good offices of Father Scribanus, of the Society of Jesus, permission was granted for the recitation in public of the Divine Office.

Lady Mary Lovell gave generously to the new foundation of all that remained to her of her gold and jewels. The Infanta and the members of her Court favoured it much, and the General of the Carmelites wrote to assure the Prioress that the Holy Father had received the news of its success with remarkable satisfaction. At the beginning, as is usually the case, it was sometimes difficult to meet the heavy initial expense. Then did supernatural aid come to supply the want—pieces of gold would be left in the turn, by whom nobody knew, or bread in just the right quantity, and of the sort used by the Carmelites, would be found there when the need was greatest, and the love and trust and thankfulness of the children kept pace, as far as possible on earth, with the delicate and generous Providence of the Father.

The first English Prioress of the English Carmel at Antwerp, Mother Anne of the Ascen-

sion (Worsley) deserves our loving and grateful remembrance, both for her faithful transmission of the true spirit of St Teresa to her English daughters, and the motherly care with which, for five-and-twenty years, she managed the temporal affairs of the convent. She was well-born and well-bred, and had found in the Spanish Mothers, by whom she was tenderly beloved, fitting guides along the Way of Perfection, as pointed out by their great Foundress personally to them. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that Our Lord bestowed upon her many of those supernatural favours in prayer, which He reserves for His " elect among the elect." That her visions and revelations were from God was proved by their effects, both upon her own soul and the souls of those whom she governed with so great wisdom and charity. The convent Chronicle tells us that " as the number increased, so did the regular observance, the Divine Majesty being pleased to conduct hither many noble ladies of the most ancient families of England, who, in the flower of their youth, harkening to the inspiration of the Divine Spirit, became forgetful of the house of their father, forsaking their friends and native land, and came to Carmel, which He had shown them ; wherein they lived in such great perfection and union of minds, that it might be truly said of them with the primitive Christians, ' This happy multitude had but one heart and one soul.' "

Mother Anne of the Ascension has also left on record the spirit of poverty which animated

her religious ; their obedience was such that they studied the inclinations of their Superiors so as to anticipate their commands ; and their recollection and silence were so profound, that during many years not one word had been spoken by any sister in silence time. She had admitted to Profession not less than fifty Englishwomen before her death in December 1644 ; the first to receive the habit at Antwerp having been her own sister, Elizabeth Worsley, in religion, Teresa of Jesus Maria. She was succeeded by Mother Anne of St Austin (Wright), whose eminent gifts of nature and grace combined to make her discharge perfectly her office of Prioress. In 1647 she was followed by Mother Teresa of Jesus (Ward), who died in 1649. Then came in succession Mother Lucy of St Ignatius (Bedingfield) and other Prioresses, bearing well-known and honoured English names—Somerset, Harcourt, and York, Burton and Howard among the rest. The true nobility of these first English daughters of St Teresa, however, lay in the spirit with which they embraced the Reform, and their perfect loyalty to the teaching of the Spanish Mothers. This fact was attested by the General of the Carmelites, who visited the convent in 1621. He wrote in the book of visits, now preserved at Lanherne :—

" I, Brother Matthias of St Francis, General of the Discalced Religious, men and women, of the Congregation of St Elias, of the Order of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel, having visited this monastery of St Joseph and St Anne,

of English Discalced Carmelites in the town of Antwerp, both in the spiritual and temporal, I have found by the grace of Our Lord, all in good order, and all well disposed, and the religious most virtuous and observant; so that I have not found it necessary to make one single ordinance, but only to exhort them in Our Lord daily to increase in the fervour and perfection begun, until they arrive at its accomplishment."

From the English Carmel at Antwerp several foundations were made, notably that of Lierre in 1648, and that of Hoogstræt some thirty years later, when the clouds which were to burst with such disastrous effects during the century following were beginning to gather over the religious and political horizon of Europe. In 1780, the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria was succeeded by her son, Joseph II., who has been well described as "a revolutionist on the throne." He was such in matters both of Church and of State. His plans for the destruction of Religious homes were viewed with apprehension by the Prioress of Lierre, whose convent came under the decrees of the Emperor. She had recourse to Madame Louise of France, the saintly aunt of Louis XVI., who was then Prioress of the Carmelites at St Denis, and who obtained permission from the French King for the Carmelites of the Low Countries to pass into his dominions. The community of Brussels was joined to that of St Denis; but the English nuns were exempted from the edict, and remained in their convents some few years longer.

Then came the French Revolution, bringing in its train the harvest of suffering, death, and exile, to be reaped often by the innocent, though sown by the guilty.

In 1792 the armies of the Republic carried the war against religion into the Netherlands. In January 1793, an inventory of the goods in the Carmelite Convent at Antwerp was taken by four Republican officers who, however, showed some respect to the nuns, and contented themselves with sealing "the chest of three keys" (*i.e.*, the case containing important documents belonging to the convent, with its three distinct locks, whose keys are kept by the Prioress and the first and second assistants respectively). During the following March the enemy was driven out of Flanders, but came back with renewed vigour the next year. Some idea of the terror inspired by the revolutionists may be gathered from the following account written by an Augustinian nun of Bruges :—

"After leading for several months a dying life, through constant dread of the French attacking us, a general alarm spread through the town on 1st May 1794, when it was known that the cruel enemy was but twelve miles off, with none of the allied forces between them and ourselves. The people of Bruges fled by thousands into Holland, and we remained in the greatest consternation, undecided how to act. . . . The Bishop sent us an order to quit our dear convent and seek an asylum in Sluys, in Holland, nine miles from Bruges. We set off

with heavy and broken hearts, between six and seven in the evening ; some on foot—more than twenty of us—some in carts, for no carriages could be procured, and only four of those. . . . We endeavoured, as much as we could, to keep up our spirits, and to be resigned to the Will of God, in whom we put our trust. We were soaked through with rain, and almost dead with fright and fatigue. We were forced to stop at a village at about eleven, and take shelter in a public-house, where we were obliged to stand all night, for not above six chairs could be lent to us. . . . At break of day we again began our dreadful march, and with great danger at last arrived at Sluys, about seven in the morning, ready to drop, all of us, having had neither rest nor sleep from the time we set off from our dear convent."

The Augustinian nuns were able to return to their convent in Bruges in the course of a few weeks, when they were again forced to take refuge, this time in Ghent, at the convent of the English Benedictines. Thence they passed to the English Carmelites at Antwerp and at Lierre ; but as the French rapidly advanced into Brabant, not only the Augustinians, but the Carmelites who sheltered them, had to seek safety in England. How they quitted the beloved spot which, for nearly two hundred years, had been to the English daughters of St Teresa a Paradise on earth, will be related in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XXVI

FROM ANTWERP TO LANHERNE

THE story of the transfer of the first English Carmel from Antwerp to Lanherne is graphically told in the convent annals, from which we quote: "Our beloved community were enjoying, together with public esteem and protection, 'that peace which the world cannot give,' when news of the progress of the French army compelled them, to their great sorrow, to leave their dear convent, venerated by them for so many reasons; among others, on account of its being the habitation of many holy souls, who therein had received a great number of supernatural favours from Almighty God. In one place, they could point out where our Blessed Lady had appeared; in another, where St Francis Xavier had at different times been seen. This hallowed monastery they quitted to seek safety in the Land of Freedom, on the Feast of Saints Peter and Paul, in the year 1794—a day to the anniversary of which has often been paid the tribute of tears." The annalist goes on to relate the French invasion of the Netherlands, the flight of the Augustinian nuns from Bruges to Holland, their return, and second flight, when they wrote

to the Prioress of the English Carmel at Antwerp, to beg a temporary shelter in that convent :—

"Reverend Mother received the letter after Vespers on the 17th of June, and they were to be with us that evening, to the number of forty! We did all that we could to prepare food and lodging for them—spreading beds, mattresses, carpets, etc., all over the house—we ourselves lying in any holes and corners on the ground, for the rest of the time we remained in that dear convent. Two days after their arrival, Lady Abbess of Ghent and five of her religious also came, and stayed at our convent even some days after we had left it ourselves. Upon the Ghent nuns' arrival, several of the Bruges nuns went to Lierre for some days."

We can easily imagine the state of mind of the Antwerp community in those days of terror. No doubt but that they would do their utmost to be faithful to their Holy Mother's teaching and example. They would keep their souls in peace, and trust utterly in the God Whom they had learned to know so intimately. Yet, as the writer of the annals tells us, the daily sight of the grief and fear of the homeless nuns to whom they had given shelter could not but affect them painfully, and cause the timorous members of the community to urge upon the rest the advisability of setting out at once for England. This counsel was weighted by the knowledge that a new day had dawned upon the Catholic Church in this country. The blood of the English Martyrs, the heroic lives and

labours of a Challoner, a Milner, and of hundreds of the saintly men and women who, during the eighteenth century, kept the light of faith from being extinguished by their long-suffering hope and charity, had already borne fruit. The second Relief Act had been passed, and as it gradually became known that some of the most honourable men and women in the land had clung to the old faith, in spite of most bitter persecution, thereby not impairing, but rather deepening, their loyalty to King and country, public opinion veered from intolerance towards emancipation. The decision was made, then, and the Antwerp community left the Low Countries, never to return. The details of the journey, interesting to us to-day for so many reasons, are best given in the words of the convent Chronicle :—

" Resolving, therefore, to go to England, and the port of Ostend being neither taken by the French nor on the point of being taken, we hired a vessel to take us to Rotterdam. The fatigue the nuns went through during the last fortnight at Antwerp is not to be expressed. Pierced with the most lively grief at being obliged to quit the sacred asylum we had chosen to hide us from the world, and to go to launch into it, without knowing whether we should evermore be able to live a conventual life, or to what we might be exposed, some few would have remained till turned out by the French ; but the greater part were in too much terror. We had also a great deal of fatigue in providing for and making our

guests as comfortable as possible, and in packing up our own things. . . . On Friday, the 27th of June, the Austin nuns of Bruges left us ; and on Sunday morning, the 29th of June, we quitted our dear convent of St Joseph and St Anne, Hopland, Antwerp. We communicated that morning in the choir, and said the Hours there, and heard three Masses, after which they hurried us away."

Here follows the list of twelve choir nuns and four lay-sisters forming the Antwerp community. The last surviving member, Sister Stanislaus, of the Sacred Heart, lay-sister, passed away in 1851, at the age of ninety-two.

To continue the narrative of the journey, the Carmelites reached Rotterdam on Tuesday, and remained for some days there, together with other fugitive religious, until at last a coasting vessel, without a cabin of any sort, carried them to England for seventy guineas ! The annalist, not without a spice of humour, remarks the readiness of the traders to profit by the general distress in exacting so high a payment for such a wretched passage ; also the " saintly comportment and continual prayer " of certain passengers (not nuns) who unconsciously took possession of a row of seats which had been arranged for the Carmelites by means of their own packages, and remained sitting on the nuns' luggage throughout the voyage. The elder sisters seem to have set a fine example of courage and confidence, and on 12th July they arrived at

Blackwall so late in the evening that they elected to remain on board all night.

Early next morning "they landed at St Catherine's Stairs, Wapping, where," says the manuscript, "there were gathered a crowd of sailors and others," who wondered at the strange-looking figures, wearing close caps instead of bonnets, and with secular garments of various fashions over their religious habits. They seemed at first likely to suffer some rough treatment, but when it became known that they were not Frenchwomen, but, on the contrary, women of England fleeing from the French, the bystanders cried out, "Ladies, you are welcome home!" and they were escorted, with many signs of compassion and admiration, to the house in which they were to await the coming of some coaches from Tower Wharf. Bread and cheese and cider were set before them, and, says the annalist, "our kind mob attended us with blessings and good wishes into the coaches. The nuns had so filled their pockets, or, rather, had tied on so many great sacks, that one of the coaches broke down with the weight!" However, another coach was procured, and the whole party arrived safely at the house taken for them in Orchard Street, Portman Square, at about 11 A.M. on 13th July 1794. They had scarcely entered the house when the good Catholic ladies who had been making preparations for their arrival came, one after another, to bid them welcome and offer

their services. These were Mrs Tunstall, first cousin to Lady Arundel, who handed twenty pounds to the Prioress, and dispatched her waiting-woman for bread and cheese and cake and wine, which she insisted on serving at once to the nuns. Then came Mrs Selby and Mrs Cary and Mrs Murphy, and their presents of soup, and eggs, and gowns, and, best of all, a portable altar, with everything required for the Mass, which was to be said daily in the house for the nuns. These ladies, together with Mrs Stanley, arranged to contribute, and secure contributions, towards a purse for the maintenance of the community as long as it remained in London, so that during that time the nuns wanted for nothing that money could procure for them. Their great desire, however, was to find themselves as soon as possible within an enclosure, living the life of St Teresa's daughters, as they had learned it from the Spanish Mothers, and handed it down through succeeding generations, in their dear English convent at Antwerp, for nearly two hundred years.

After several weeks spent in fruitless searching for a convenient house, the Carmelites at last received from Lord and Lady Arundel the offer of their house at Lanherne, Cornwall. From the plan sent to the nuns, it seemed large and commodious, so that they gratefully accepted the gift, the Prioress setting out almost immediately to take possession. They stayed for a few days on their way at Wardour Castle, and the other nuns, leaving London later in four different sets,

the community were assembled at Lanherne in mid-September. What was their surprise, their distress, to find the house not only totally out of repair, but in a filthy condition! Wheelbarrows of dirt were removed from the kitchen floor before it was discovered to be flagged! The good priest, too, who had charge of the mission showed no small displeasure at the coming of the nuns with their Chaplain, so that in the end Lady Arundel's cousin, who had intended to stay with the nuns as benefactress, withdrew from the scene, and the Chaplain was replaced by an exiled French *curé*, who in the designs of God was to be the Guardian Angel of the community. Lord and Lady Arundel, too, did all in their power to make up for the disappointment and suffering caused by the ruinous condition of their house, of which they seem to have had not the faintest idea. They sent workmen to put it in repair; but meanwhile, as the annalist quaintly remarks, "the poor nuns had to make the best of all the disagreeables, so that they had no need to do any extra penances, as each one had sufficient to bear each day from the publicity and inconvenience—workmen all about the place and visitors coming to see the strange arrivals."

Among the visitors came a Canon of Winchester Cathedral, Sir Henry Trelawney. He was also a County Magistrate, and hearing that the nuns were afraid to put on the Carmelite habit, he reassured them on this point, saying that they were at liberty to dress as they pleased

inside their own house. His kindness and that of his daughter towards the nuns met with its reward. He embraced the true faith, and, his wife being dead, was ordained priest in Rome, and died happily in or near Milan in 1834, when he was nearly eighty years of age.

Many more details concerning these first English Carmelites might have been given, if they could have brought from Antwerp all their manuscripts, including the lives of their first Mothers. Enough has been written, however, to show the family likeness between the Carmelites of England, France, and Spain. In their records we read evidences of the same undaunted zeal and courage, the same unwearied hope and patience in trial and disappointment, the same charitable construction of the seemingly unkind conduct of others in their regard, the same heart-felt gratitude for the smallest services, that mark the pages of St Teresa's *Book of the Foundations*. Place, for example, the scene at St Catherine's Wharf beside the stoppage on the road outside Medina del Campo ; or the ruins at Lanherne beside those of the house where St Teresa kept watch all night. Compare the light-hearted way in which the English annalist notes, for the recreation of future generations, the behaviour of " the kind mob " at Wapping, with the delicately humorous touches which here and there illuminate the pages of St Teresa's records. All through the Spanish, and French, and English Chronicles may be traced the true spirit of Carmel—the same traditional simplicity,

sublime in its unworldliness ; the same " sweet treasure of interior science " which Father Faber found in the French Chroniques ; the same gaiety, which is, he says, " the shortest road to the top of Carmel."

CHAPTER XXVII

FROM LIERRE TO DARLINGTON

MENTION has already been made of the second English Carmel founded at Lierre, a little town in Brabant, some ten or eleven miles from Antwerp. That first Carmel, under the wise and saintly guidance of Mother Anne of the Ascension, had for nearly thirty years been bringing forth much fruit unto perfection, and the time had come to transplant some of the ripest and best to another "little garden of pleasure" for Our Lord. In 1648, then, a band of chosen souls went forth from Antwerp to Lierre with Mother Margaret of St Teresa (Downes) as Prioress—a truly valiant woman, who had been for years the right hand of Mother Anne of the Ascension. She had been Novice-Mistress also to most of the Antwerp community, and we are not surprised to hear of her earnest pleading that some of the holiest and most distinguished members of that community should be sent with her to the new foundation. Among these were two sisters—Mostyns of Talacre—a family still as noted for its piety as its proud descent. Sisters Margaret of Jesus and Ursula of All Saints counted only three years of Profession,

but from their earliest childhood they had been favoured by Heaven in many remarkable ways, especially in the singular love which united their pure souls to Mary Immaculate. As to Margaret, our Blessed Lady seems to have watched over her from her infancy with special tenderness, often appearing to her, and training her in all the virtues. No wonder that, in after years, as Prioress of Carmel at Lierre, she caused devotion to the Blessed Virgin to flourish there, in a degree even beyond that which, as is well known, distinguishes every convent of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

In addition to the Prioress and the two sisters mentioned above, there went from Antwerp to Lierre nine other sisters, one of whom was a novice only seventeen years of age, but not unworthy either of her religious or of her family name. She was Mary of St Joseph (Vaughan of Courtfield), and her fervent life remains a precious legacy in the traditions of her race. For these twelve chosen souls a saintly and devoted guide was found in the person of an English priest, who happened to be in Antwerp at the time, and who consented, out of the singular love he bore to the Blessed Virgin Mary, to become Chaplain to the new convent founded in her honour. So we read in the original manuscript preserved at Darlington: "Our dear Father, Mr Bedingfield, considering that we did belong in a particular manner to Our Blessed Lady, as wearing her holy habit, and

being the true children of St Teresa, . . . and he himself intending to give himself entirely to the service of Our Blessed Lady, thought he could do nothing more pleasing to this sacred Virgin and her sweet Son, Jesus, than . . . helping to establish this poor beginning to their greater glory." Father Bedingfield remained Chaplain to the Lierre community for thirty-two years. To him we owe the Life of Mother Margaret of Jesus (Mostyn), edited by Father Coleridge, and published in 1878. In it may be found a full account of the Lierre foundation, of which we can give here only a short sketch.

Again we are carried back in thought to the foundations made in Spain by St Teresa, as we read of the twelve English Carmelites from Antwerp reaching Lierre on 26th August, only to find the occupants of the house they expected to enter absolutely determined not to give place to them. Driven away by harsh words and threats, the poor nuns humbly withdrew, and began to search for another dwelling. A large house was at last discovered in "an out-of-the-way part of the town," workmen were called in to put it in order as quickly as might be; but it was a month before it was ready for Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament to take possession. He came at last to His own, on 4th October, the Feast of the seraphic St Francis, who in a vision later on assured Mother Margaret of Jesus that he had this convent under his special protection. Large numbers of the people of Lierre were

present at the opening ceremony, and by degrees their curiosity brought knowledge of the Carmelite spirit, and knowledge was followed by love and veneration.

Meanwhile a more suitable house was sought for, and taken possession of, in the year 1651, not without violent opposition on the part of the enemy of souls. As the nuns entered the apartment designed for the Chapter-room, a smell of brimstone was perceived, and a violent storm shook the whole house. The Chaplain happened to be at Antwerp that day, and on returning to Lierre found himself in the midst of a storm which, considering the settled state of the weather in the environs, seemed preternatural. Hastening to the convent, he sprinkled the rooms with holy water, and recited aloud the Gospel of St John. He then asked a sister to bring the statue of Our Lady, which was held in great veneration by the community—a little wooden image curiously carved, still preserved in the choir at Darlington. As the sister came downstairs with it, she was hurled to the ground by the wind, while the statue was dashed on to the pavement of the court. Not the slightest injury, however, was sustained either by the nun or her precious burden. The statue was carried to the choir, a blessed candle was lighted before it, and the storm ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

The devil did not, it is true, give up all hopes of driving the nuns out of the house. He was

seen there more than once, and for some time he did his best to disturb the peace of the novices. Their Mistress at the time was Sister Margaret of Jesus, who turned with perfect confidence to Our Lady, begging her to put an end to this trouble. The Blessed Virgin appeared to her favoured child, and told her to bring before her the beads of the novices. These she blessed, and directed that they should be worn at night round the neck, so that the devil might be prevented from approaching. The injunction was carried out with the desired result, and the beads so blessed were carefully preserved. There still exist at Darlington some beads marked with a star, which the convent traditions assert to be those blessed at Lierre by the Most Holy Virgin—one is given to each sister to string upon her rosary, which she wears at night, according to Our Lady's prescription.

In 1709 the nuns moved to a more convenient house on the opposite side of the road, and remained there in great peace, until the political events already referred to forced them to leave Lierre for ever. It was in the little church attached to this convent that was celebrated, later on, the Feast in connection with the beatification of the holy French Carmelite, Mary of the Incarnation. A quaint description of this festival, preserved in the annals, bears witness to the esteem in which the Order was held by the good townspeople of Lierre. The preparations were begun eight days before, the

magistrates sending the workmen, who had to construct about the altar a mountain rising into clouds, with silver angels bearing lilies. Silver lamps and candlesticks adorned the church; curtains of crimson looped up with golden cords and tassels draped the sanctuary and the front of the nuns' choir, opposite to which was another altar, with a magnificent golden reliquary and a silver bust of the Beata. "The crowd of people was inconceivable," says the Chronicle, adding naïvely: "It is true that our renowned preacher contributed much thereunto."

For nearly a century and a half the Carmel at Lierre was the home of many a saintly Englishwoman, who found there the means of spending her life in prayer and sacrifice, in the hope of bringing back her native land to the one true Catholic faith. Some among them were received into the convent at a very early age, as aspirants to the religious life which they afterwards embraced. Such was Sister Lucy of the Holy Ghost, Elizabeth Mostyn of Talacre, who entered in her thirteenth year, and upon its completion was permitted by the Bishop to put on the habit of the Reform. Her aunt, Mother Margaret of Jesus, was Prioress at the time, and we can well imagine the state of perfection of the Lierre community under her guidance. At sixteen years of age Sister Lucy of the Holy Ghost made her profession, and from that time advanced in wisdom and grace, after the example of the Holy Child Jesus, to Whom,

and to Whose Blessed Mother, she was specially devout. Many instances are recorded of her singular sweetness of temper, her love of hard work and of lowly offices, and her tender charity. The Holy Child did not fail to reward His little Spouse by extraordinary graces and favours, even manifesting Himself visibly to her, receiving and returning her caresses.

A most delightful and edifying account is that given of the holy lay-sister Anna Maria of St Joseph. She was Father Bedingfield's servant, and "he living over against the monastery," as the annals relate, "she had frequent opportunities of observing the peace and gentleness which reigned therein. Glad was she when it was thought necessary she should confer with the sisters at the turn, in order to learn how to cook some particular thing for her master's table after the English way." At length she became so enamoured of the Carmelite life that she begged to be received as a lay-sister. Her request was granted, and she proved to be a treasure of humility and zealous labour in the service of the community. It is quaintly recorded to her especial praise that "she was most constant in her exercise of charity to the sisters, even when they had negligently spilled sauces, etc., in the refectory, or other places which had been newly scoured"; also that she found time, in the midst of her hard labours in the kitchen, and other parts of the house, "to beautify the convent garden, setting a variety

of plants and flowers, watering, and weeding, and attending to the tubs of myrtle-trees with great diligence." A few months after the death of Mother Margaret of Jesus, this good lay-sister fell seriously ill, so that her death seemed imminent. In her humility she considered herself unfit to appear before her Divine Spouse and Lord, and desired that some further time might be given to her that she might serve Him better. Feeling certain that her late Prioress was already a glorious Saint in Heaven, she besought her intercession. Mother Margaret of Jesus heard her prayer, and appeared at the foot of her bed, holding in her arms upon a snow-white cloth the Divine Infant.

"My child," she said, "the hour of your death was come, but since you have so great a desire of living to serve God more perfectly, and have put your confidence in me, I have obtained health for you."

"At that instant," continues the Chronicle, "our good sister found herself in perfect health, and had not obedience restrained her until she had obtained the doctor's leave, she would have left her bed immediately and gone off to the kitchen. Next morning she heard Mass, and communicated, with the sisters, and went to her work as usual, living many years after in holy labour, serving her God with her whole mind, heart, and strength."

Yet another page of these charming Chronicles shall be unfolded to our readers. It tells the

story of Father Bedingfield's little niece, Catherine Eyre, whose mother brought her to Lierre when only eight years old, leaving her in the hands of the Prioress, Mother Ursula (Mostyn), to be "trained to virtue." She was exceedingly delicate as a child; yet, as she grew older, she conceived so great a desire to become a Carmelite that she besought both the Prioress and her parents to permit her to make a trial of the life. Her parents were not unwilling, but Mother Ursula could not in conscience receive her into the Order, for at seventeen years of age she was, in strength and stature, more like a child of twelve. In her bitter disappointment, she turned to "the Queen and Mother of Carmel," imploring her all-powerful assistance, and speedily experienced the joy of hope fulfilled. Our Lady appeared to her, bade her be of good courage, and once more ask humbly to be allowed to enter the novitiate, promising that this time her request should be granted. Full of joy, Catherine hastened to the Prioress, telling all whom she met that she was about to be received. So it came to pass, for all hearts were moved to accept her, and they never had cause to regret their decision. During her noviceship she was not once ill, and, moreover, had grown so much taller by the day of her profession that, as the Chronicles relate, "a new mantle had to be made for her, far longer than that in which she was clothed" at the time of her reception.

Such are the sweet memories and holy traditions of the English Carmel, transplanted from Lierre to Darlington, as the following graceful lines, written at Darlington, may help to show :—

"Deep in the heart of fair Brabant it lies,
A dreamy old-world town ;
Its red-tiled roofs and lance-like spires
'Mid woods of golden brown.
A swift white river flashes past its feet,
On to the woodland space,
And its tall trees clasp o'er the narrow street
Like friends in close embrace.
'Twas here that Carmel's garden bloomed,
And all the Brabant land perfumed,
With saintly odours pure and rare,
Beneath the Blessed Margaret's care.
Such virtues flourished in its shade,
That people loved the name, and said :
'Avila lives in youth once more
Upon the distant Brabant shore.'"

CHAPTER XXVIII

FROM HOOGSTRÆT TO CHICHESTER

BESIDES the English Carmel at Lierre, several convents of the Reform had been founded from Antwerp when, in 1677, three of the sisters were sent to take part in the foundation of what eventually became the third English Carmel in the Low Countries. Mary Gabriel de la Laing, Countess of Hoogstræt and Kinenburg, widow of the Governor of Breda, greatly desired to found a convent in her birthplace. She was undecided as to the Order of nuns to be chosen, and with the simple faith of her people, asked Our Lord to make known His good pleasure in the matter, by allowing her to find in some convent church a Monstrance adorned with the instruments of the Passion. The sign asked for was granted. The Monstrance was discovered in the church of the Carmelites at Mechlin, and is still to be seen in the Cathedral of that city. The Carmelites at Mechlin (or Malines), however, could only spare one sister for the proposed foundation, so three others were obtained from Antwerp, on condition that they should return to the English Carmel when a sufficient number of Flemings had been secured for the convent at Hoogstræt.

The Countess failing to obtain any more nuns from the Flemish convents, begged that the three English sisters might remain. Her request was acceded to upon condition that the new Carmel should be for Englishwomen, under the jurisdiction of the Bishop, and observing the Constitutions of 1581. Other conditions relating to the use of a sum of money left to the Antwerp Superiors for the foundation of a convent of English Teresians, by a certain Mr Evans, were also agreed to by the Countess, and on 18th August 1678, the Hoogstræt Carmel was begun, with Mother Anne of Our Lady (Anne Harcourt), the Sub-prioress from Antwerp, as its first Prioress.

This holy religious had been the seventh Prioress elected to govern the first English Carmel at Antwerp. She had been trained to virtue by the saintly Mother Anne of the Ascension, and she had only been released from office in 1665, at her own earnest request, and owing to the touching way in which she had expressed it. She had placed the keys of the convent in the hands of Our Blessed Lady, and, in a beautiful hymn, implored that dear Mother not to permit her to continue in charge of the convent. We can imagine how great a trial of obedience was imposed on her, when she had to leave her beloved cell at Antwerp to be Prioress at Hoogstræt. We can imagine, too, with what faith and courage she set out. Did she feel any presentiment of the speedy end that would be

put to that trial by the loving Providence of her Lord? We cannot say; but scarcely three weeks elapsed after the foundation of the convent when its first Prioress was called to receive her reward. She was succeeded by Mother Aloysia of St Bernard (Wright), who had been professed some fifty years before at Antwerp, and who was thoroughly penetrated with the pure spirit of the Reform which was the atmosphere of that house. She had another veteran at her side in the person of Mother Anne of Jesus (Keynes), who had been professed nearly forty-nine years. With them were also Mary of the Angels (Harcourt) and Catherine of St Teresa (Charles), with Mary Electa of Jesus (Howard) and an English lay-sister, Anne of St Joseph (Chamberlain). Two Dutch novices, one choir nun, and one lay-sister, received on the foundation of the Countess of Hoogstræt, completed the first community. To these were added on 15th October 1679 Margaret Rheingrave, the eldest daughter of the foundress, who received, with the habit of the Reform, the name of Mary Teresa of the Holy Ghost. In the account given of her reception, we read of her "splendid robe of cloth of silver heavily embroidered with gold and pearls," and afterwards transformed into an antependium and set of vestments for use in the convent chapel.

Since the peaceful establishment of the English Carmelites in the Low Countries, during the early part of the seventeenth century, political

events in Europe had so developed as to render their position there at times exposed to danger. Philip IV. of Spain died in 1666, and his successor, Charles II., weak in mind as in body, proved incapable either of ruling his vast dominions wisely himself, or of securing the succession with wisdom. As he had no direct heir, the claims of France and Austria, the faithlessness of Louis XIV. in regard to the Partition Treaties, and the determination of the Netherlands to resist the aggressive measures of the French King, made it unsafe for the community to remain at Hoogstræt. In 1701, therefore, the Countess, fearing lest her daughter should be seized and detained as a hostage, provided a refuge for the nuns in the city of Mechlin. They were installed in the Countess's own palace, but the twelve years spent there seem to have been characterised by great poverty and suffering. Heavy taxes had to be paid, the dowries of the English nuns failed to reach them, and only their spirit of trustful prayer and heroic endurance enabled them to survive the exile from their own dear convent. Six of the sisters died at Mechlin, and in the year following their return to Hoogstræt, the Prioress, Mother Mary Teresa of the Holy Ghost (Rheingrave), went to receive the reward of her sacrifices and heavy cares.

Her sufferings, and those of the community, were not unrecorded in Heaven. During the Octave of Corpus Christi, in the very year of

her death, Our Lord appeared in the Sacred Host at the time of the Elevation. His Divine Face was seen both by the nuns and their Chaplain, the Rev. Edward Aynsco, who had a picture of the apparition painted from his description, and who was convinced that Our Lord meant to testify by it His pleasure with the community in their cheerful acceptance of crosses, which continued to fall heavily upon them. This miraculous favour also served to dispel certain doubts as to the Real Presence, which were tormenting the mind of a young English lady present, a convert, who wished to join the community. Encouraged by supernatural favours such as these, and by the fervour with which their first members followed the example and teaching of the Spanish Mothers, who had imbued them with St Teresa's own spirit, the English Carmelites at Hoogstræt persevered in the practice of the primitive rule, and the Constitutions of 1581, which they were to bring to America as well as to England.

It was fitting that America's first Carmelite convent should be founded in Maryland. Wealthy Catholics from that State not infrequently sent their children to be educated in one or other of the religious houses in Europe, and American nuns were to be found in the English Carmels of the Low Countries. Among these was the saintly and gifted Mother Bernardine (Matthews), who was professed at Hoogstræt in 1755. There she held successively

the offices of Novice-Mistress, Sub-prioress, and Prioress, and was greatly esteemed and loved. It was she who, in 1790, led the little band of Carmelites—two of them being her own nieces—from Hoogstræt to Maryland, where she planted the true spirit of the Reform. A full account of her labours, and the development of that spirit in the New World, may be read in an interesting volume, *Carmel in America*, by the Rev. C. W. Currier, C.SS.R. There may be found also a series of letters from Lanherne, Darlington, and Chichester, to which places had been transferred the English Carmels of Antwerp, Lierre, and Hoogstræt, respectively; together with a clear account of the apparition of Our Lord to the Hoogstræt nuns when at Mechlin, and a copy of the engraving of the picture, made under the direction of the convent Chaplain, who had also seen the vision.

During the years immediately following the departure of the Carmelites from Hoogstræt for America, their sisters in the Low Countries lived in constant dread of the fury of the Revolutionists. The Carmels of France had been desecrated, and their inmates dispersed; the heroic nuns of Compiègne were preparing for the martyrdom which was to raise them to the altars of the Church (they were beatified in 1906); the communities of Antwerp and Lierre had already found refuge in England; when, at dawn, on 7th July 1794, the Hoogstræt community sorrowfully left their beloved con-

vent. Their Prioress at the time was Mother Anne Louis (Hill), another American, cousin to Archbishop Carroll of Baltimore, who had succeeded Mother Bernardine (Matthews) in 1790. On 13th July they arrived in London, where they were cordially welcomed by Bishop Douglas, who was brother to one of the nuns. On the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, they joyfully resumed their religious habit and community life, in a small house at East Acton, about three miles from Brock Green. They continued to endure cheerfully all the privations and inconvenience to which they were exposed in their little convent, until they received from Sir John Webb the offer of a country house, Canford, near Wimborne, Dorsetshire. They moved into this house on 4th December 1794, and in spite of its ruinous condition and certain disagreeable circumstances connected with it, greatly appreciated the advantages it afforded for solitude and freedom from the distracting visits inevitable in London. They remained in it for some thirty years. A professed nun from the Carmel of St Denis, France, was received into the community three months after their removal to Canford. She brought with her among other precious relics the beautiful figure of Christ, which had been attached to the great silver crucifix presented by Pope Clement XIV. to Madame Louise of France, Prioress of the Carmel of St Denis.

In 1819 the heirs of Sir John Webb greatly

desired to recover the property he had made over to the Carmelites, with the result that the nuns, too poor to purchase a house in England, were at last constrained to accept an offer made to them by the Bishop of Coutances in Normandy (to whose diocese their Chaplain, M. Mavert, formerly belonged) of an old Bernardine monastery at Torigny. It was with great difficulty that the consent of the Vicar-Apostolic of the Western District, to even the temporary exile of the nuns, could be obtained. It was granted with great reluctance, only after a solemn promise had been made by them in writing always to remain an English community, and to return to England as soon as ever they should have the means to do so. They quitted Canford on 15th September 1825, and entered their temporary home in Normandy on the 24th of that month. Extraordinary trials awaited them there, the record of which would be too long for these pages, but which eventually led, in 1830, to their removal to Valognes. There they bought a house called "Beaulieu," and there, in 1843, was elected as Prioress the valiant woman who was to redeem the promise made by the nuns to return to England—Mother Mary Baptist (Pendrell).

She was born in Wolverhampton, 30th December 1805, being the daughter of John Pendrell, Esq., and Anne, his wife, *née* Bracebridge Allen. Her father was a remarkably holy man, who received many favours from

God through his Guardian Angel, to whom he was particularly devout. From her earliest years, therefore, Sarah Pendrell had lived in a supernatural atmosphere, following in her father's footsteps and cherishing a special devotion to her Angel, who led her at nineteen years of age to the Carmel at Canford. This was in the spring of 1825. In the autumn of that year she accompanied the nuns to Normandy, where the extreme poverty of the community, and the hardships she endured so cheerfully that they passed unnoticed, brought about a serious breakdown in health, soon after her profession. She never entirely recovered, and her lifelong sufferings made her labours on behalf of the community all the more heroic. Her remarkable gifts, both of nature and of grace, were developed by her Superiors, who were not slow to recognise their value. Mortifications and humiliations were not wanting to the fervent young religious, whose obedience, often exercised to a heroic degree, was not infrequently rewarded by miraculous effects. She was elected Prioress at the age of thirty-eight.

As one after another of the English exiles at Beaulieu passed away, they bequeathed as a legacy to the community the solemn promise they had made to return to England as soon as possible. Only God and His Angels could tell what Mother Mary Baptist endured in labouring and suffering to realise this project. Her

community had barely the means to exist where they were. Promises of help in money, or land, would be made, and then, after much toil and anxiety, and weary journeying to and fro, negotiations would fail. But the saintly Prioress never faltered, and at last, after long years of that true patience which never loses hope, her good Angel showed her a way back to England, where in the mind of God the present beautiful Carmel at Chichester already existed.

Some time before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War a generous friend of the Carmelites, Miss Warner, had made a will in favour of the exiled community. Under pressure from others she was about to revoke it, when, on the Eve of the Assumption, 1868, while she was actually occupied in reading the life of St Teresa, God called her to Himself. The nuns lost no time before making use of the means so directly bestowed upon them by Divine Providence. Land was secured outside Chichester, and the foundation-stone of the convent was laid on 5th August 1870. It was at first intended that the community should remain at Valognes until their new convent was ready, but the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War caused them to return to England in the following September. They spent the year and a half, during which the convent was being built, at the little village of Mundham, some miles from Chichester. At last, on 3rd May 1872, they entered into possession of the home so long and so ardently desired,

and on 4th May an old and devoted friend of the community, the Right Reverend Monsignor Weld, said the first Mass. Some fourteen years later, on 4th March, the anniversary of the Venerable Mother Anne of Jesus, in the year of Our Lord 1886, the dear and venerated Mother Mary Baptist passed to her reward.

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